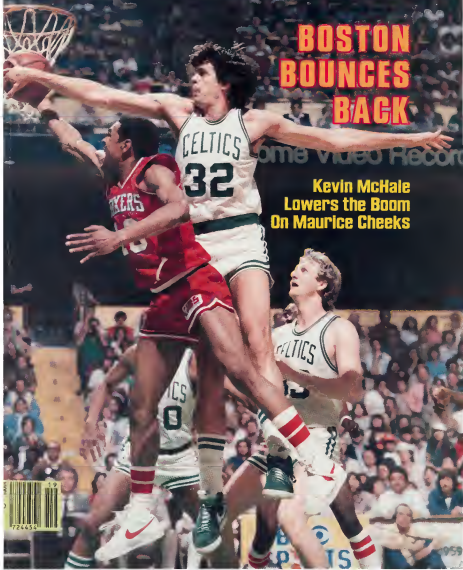


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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



KAPLAN: HE HAS A SPECIAL APPRECIATION OF SPEED

To his account in this issue of base-stealing Outfielder Tim Lincecum of the Expos (page 49), staff writer Jim Kaplan brought a genuine appreciation of speed. "In high school I was so slow my nickname was Snowshoes," he says. Kaplan played on the ninth-grade team when he was in the 10th grade, as a substitute. And no one here will forget him churning toward first base at an SI softball game, face flushed and veins bulging. "He looked as if he was running a 9.9 100," recalls a teammate. Except that with Kaplan were his two sons, Benjamin and Matthew, then six and five, tugging at his pants legs and pleading for ice-cream money. And watching him stride for stride.

"I've never been an outstanding athlete," says Kaplan, unnecessarily. "My medical sports history is legendary. Bad knee. Can't throw overhead without pain anymore, and I've pretty much given up racquetball and squash. There's no part of my body that hasn't been wrecked."

Fortunately, he has always approached sports cerebrally as well. The son of satirist Felicia Lamport and Harvard law professor emeritus and former Massachusetts Supreme Court Justice Benjamin Kaplan, he grew up in the environs of Fenway Park and Cambridge. His SI stories have included erudite analyses of baseball salaries, official scores and corporate sports sponsorship. "There's a dualistic quality to my writing," he says. "My father is serious and issue-oriented, while my mother writes light verse. I often go from one extreme to the other."

Kaplan is the SI staff authority on minor racquet sports, chess and bridge,

and a sports interviewer for National Public Radio in his off-hours. He's in his own league at word games, which he played regularly as a child. "In the academic community, games aren't frowned upon, as long as they're instructive," he says. "On Christmas Eve we used to play charades using really obscure literary quotations. I never had heard of any of them, but I got by by using [tugs at his ear]

'sounds like' for absolutely everything."

He combined sports and words as associate sports editor of the Yale Daily News, and spent his final two college summers as an intern at The Boston Globe. After earning a master's degree in journalism from Northwestern, he spent three years writing sports and book reviews for The Minneapolis Star before coming to SI in 1970. While in Minneapolis he also became engaged in politics, serving the 1968 McCarthy presidential campaign as captain of what he calls "the vertical precinct one building." In New York he is a member of the Kings County Democratic Central Committee. ("They needed a warm body from my block.")

What piques his baseball interest is "the endless amount of fascinating detail." And he is a student of defense. "I love it for its theater," he says. "Easily the greatest moment of my own unmemorable career occurred when I was playing centerfield in a softball game in Minneapolis. I took off at the crack of the bat, by instinct, and reached up to make a one-handed catch. Everybody stood and cheered."

With no organized kid leagues for Benjamin and Matthew in their Brooklyn neighborhood, Kaplan says, "We play a lot of soapball." Though the game doesn't require much speed, it has one obvious drawback. "If the ball hits the stoop the right way," he says, "it goes into a garden for a homer. And there's no defense against that."

Philip H. Haver

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WE COVER YOUR FAVORITE SPORT...

Shopwalk

by ANDY MEISLER

FOR RIDER OR RACER, A BIKE COMPUTER GIVES YOUR PEDALING EXTRA PIZZAZZ

Computers have made their mark on nearly every aspect of the times—from the new Cuddillacs that come with their own dashboard versions to the Columbia space shuttle. But sports haven't been forgotten, and this summer bicyclists will benefit from a new model, more complex than any heretofore produced.

The Bike Computer, designed by Entex, a Compton, Calif. toy manufacturing firm that specializes in hand-held electronic games, is a weatherproof handlebar-mounted device designed to enrich cycling. "It's the most important breakthrough since the derailleur," claims Cliff Slobod, an Entex spokesman. While others may disagree with Slobod—the claim is certainly open to argument—the computer does promise to add a new dimension to the sport: a way to program your bike before pedaling it.

For \$95 buyers get an eight-ounce, seven-by-three-inch microprocessor unit which resembles an oversize pocket calculator. It is powered by four "AA" batteries and connected to the bike's front wheel via a frictionless magnetic sensor. The sensor counts each wheel revolution, and after the wheel diameter is entered, the computer can function as a combination clock, odometer and electronic training aid.

Before beginning a ride, the cyclist enters the distance (in miles or kilometers) he intends to cover and the amount of time he wants to do it in. The computer then flashes back the average speed required, and after the cyclist sets off it continues to provide any other relevant information he might need.

A touch of one button calls up current speed. Another reveals distance covered, another distance remaining. Average speed as well as peak speed attained are instantly available. Time-of-day, stopwatch and alarm-clock functions are among those built in. Should the cyclist need motivation, an electronic pacer occupies the bottom half of the computer's display. This consists of two moving, illuminated triangles, one propelled by the cyclist, one by the computer. The computer commands its marker to move one-tenth of the way across the screen for each tenth of estimated trip time elapsed. The cyclist's marker moves for every tenth of distance actually covered, and the rider can see at a glance how far he's ahead or behind schedule.

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Footloose

by LIONEL ATWILL

A VERMONT FLY-FISHING SHOP CASTS BACK TO THE JOYS OF THE BAMBOO ROD

Fly fishing, as much as any sport today, is wedded to technology. Once the province of the tweedy set (to whom *synthetic* always has been as repugnant as *worm*), it is now the darling of tinkers and tackle designers, whose love of Space Age materials may, at times, surpass their lust for fish.

This trend to the man-made started after World War II. Slowly, gut leaders gave in to nylon, silk lines fell to plastic. Then, about six years ago, high tech hit. Flies, traditionally dressed in feathers and fur, began to emerge with artificial plumage. The peak of this technological revolution came when good fly rods, long made from bamboo and finished with care and precision, made their debut in compositions of graphite and boron.

In such a climate, starting a tackle shop selling only bamboo rods is akin to marketing

barrel staves in Aspen. But that is what Vivian Shohet did in 1975. On the banks of the West River, along Route 100 near Weston, Vt., he opened a one-man, one-room fly-fishing shop called The Bamboo Rod. And, he says proudly, "There isn't a stick of fiber glass, graphite or boron for sale here."

What is for sale is a limited selection of new and used bamboo rods, from the utilitarian to the exquisite. It hasn't been easy, but Shohet has found a clientele for his rods among fly fishermen who, like himself, have a reverence for the esthetic joys of fishing. "Bamboo is alive," he says with intensity. "There is a joy in looking at it, holding it. A fly fisherman picks up a bamboo rod, and he can admire it. He picks up a graphite or boron rod and all he wants to do is see how it casts."

Besides that esthetic appeal, bamboo rods often have an intrinsic value that lasts long after their fishing days have ended. To say "I once had a Payne" (for a Gillum or Garrison or Winton) can mean as much to some fishermen as an eight-pound brook trout mounted on the wall, and Shohet often sees a rod pass through his shop several times—purchased by a fisherman, admired, fished, then traded for another. And, because there are

fewer and fewer bamboo-rod makers around these days, the value of bamboo, new and used, continues to rise.

"I don't put out a catalog anymore," Shohet says. "I didn't want to compete with the big rod dealers, Orvis or Thomas & Thomas. I prefer to rely on word of mouth." When the mood strikes, however, Shohet does send out a mimeographed list of prime rods to some 6,000 bambooophiles. His current offering reveals how bamboo appreciates in value: a 7½-foot three-piece F.E. Thomas that sold new for \$250 now has for \$500, and a used 8' 2½" three-piece Gillum carries a \$1,000 tag, even though its finish shows wear and both tips have slight "sets" from playing fish.

Besides selling the rods and basic tackle, Shohet carries used rods on consignment and has a repair and restoration service for bamboo that has fallen on hard times. That desire to keep bamboo healthy is, in fact, pretty much the philosophy of The Bamboo Rod. "Graphite and boron are great for fishing," says Shohet, "but eventually the rod will wear out. And what are you left with? Nothing. But that doesn't happen to bamboo. The rod may tire, but its beauty and craftsmanship are still there. Graphite dies on you; bamboo grows on you."

END

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Sideline

by BILL GILBERT

AUSIES FLIP OVER THE LEGIT VERSION OF TWO-UP, AN OLD COIN-TOSSING GAME

Like the duckbill platypus, bandicoot and the vegemite sandwich, two-up, the Australian national gambling game, is an improbable phenomenon. Simple as it is—two-up is no more than a gussied up matching of coins—it has come to fill a vaguely disreputable cultural niche in Australia comparable to that occupied by craps in the U.S.

Two-up can be played with nothing more than two coins and two thumbs, but when the money is serious, a spatula-shaped wooden coin holder called a kip is used. Coins are simultaneously tossed overhead from the kip by a person called a spinner. Bettors back their fancy as to whether both coins will land heads or tails. If the coins come up a head and a tail, no money changes hands. Bets ride or can be increased, and the spinner comes in again, as they say from Perth to Melbourne.

It's commonly believed that two-up was derived by Australia's first European citizens, the British convicts transported there at the turn of the 19th century when the principal function of the continent was to serve as a Devil's Island for the British Empire. This is a legend but a plausible one, because two-up is a game that could be played quickly and surreptitiously by men on opposite sides of iron bars or even in chains, which was the standard attire of a good many of Australia's founding fathers.

Though one might think just the reverse, the purported origin of two-up has unquestionably enhanced its popularity, because Aussies tend to be proud and sentimental about their penal past. They think themselves uniquely reckless, irreverent and anti-authoritarian, and the game is regarded as a kind of memorial to this heritage.

However it started, two-up became the passion of the blokes and cobbers, the Australian good old boys of the Ballarat goldfields, the outback sheep stations, the Darwin mines and the back alleys and wharves of Sydney and Melbourne. It was also a soldier's game. In the world wars kips and coins were as much a trademark of Australian expeditionary forces as their rakish campaign hats.

The more genteel elements of Australian society traditionally haven't been so enamored with two-up or those who favor it. On the general grounds that anything to which the lower orders were so addicted must be wicked, playing two-up was considered extralegal and has remained so—save for one notable exception. As with most such public attitudes toward un sanctioned activities, the

structures on two-up have served principally to enhance employment opportunities for anti-trust agents and to create a new entrepreneurial class. These nimble cobblers have made a business of setting up floating games in warehouses, bunkrooms, large garages, sheep-shearing sheds and the like.

Given the history of the game, an announcement in the early 1970s that Australia's first gambling casino was to be opened in Hobart, Tasmania and that two-up would be played openly and legally there, caused a national furor. It was predicted that families would be left destitute and that drunkenness, coughs, shylocking and general disrespect for authority would become endemic. In the eight years or so since the West Point casino was opened on the Hobart waterfront, nothing of the sort has occurred. In fact, the casino has done so nicely by the community that a second was recently opened in Darwin, and all over the country towns are jostling to get a bit of the action.

The man largely responsible for bringing two-up in out of the cold was an elegantly bearded and tailored professional gamesman by the name of Ronald Hurley, who was imported from London to set up and manage the gambling at the Hobart casino. Hurley was given instructions by his board of directors to find some way to make two-up suitable for casino play, the notion being that this would be a fine enticement for the natives. On seeing his first two-up game Hurley recalls, "I was appalled."

But his initial objection was professional rather than ethical. The deficiency of two-up in its raw, illegal form was that it offered no opportunity for the casino to make money. The wagering was man-to-man, and the heads-tails odds were always the same, 1 to 1. In West Point the house would play its customers head-to-head, and to give the casino an edge, Hurley added a new rule—that if the spinner tossed five pairs of tails in a row, the house would collect on all bets. He also found it prudent to make a small but important change in the spinning procedure. In most games it was the custom to place both coins heads-up in the kip. "I was warned that there were some chaps who were genuine artists with the kip, that they could float a pair of coins so as to give the appearance that they were spinning, when indeed they were not," says Hurley.

Does Hurley believe this is possible?

"Yes, I've seen it demonstrated."

Thus, in his two-up games, one of the coins is laid on the kip with its head up, the other with its tail up. The arrangement has effectively discouraged artistic expression in this regard.

In West Point's two-up arena the spinning pit is encircled by a long horseshoe-shaped counter. It is felt-covered, and on it are marked 50 or so betting stations where customers place their chips in the heads or

tails box. The payoff is 4 to 1. Three members of Hurley's staff work the pit, paying and collecting bets, supervising the spins. To be legit, a coin must rise three feet above the head of the spinner, both coins must make at least one complete turn in the air, and as they fall toward the floor, they may not kiss off each other or touch the spinner. Because two-dollar bettors (an Aussie dollar is equal to about \$1.15 U.S.) predominate at the two-up pit, the game trails both roulette and blackjack in total handle. However, as a cultural draw and attention-getter, it's a great success. Most evenings there is a crowd five or six deep around the pit. Generally, gaming at West Point is very decorous, in the English style, but the two-up players are more like crap players. They do a lot of moving around, jumping, table-banging, yelling, needling, grouching and groaning.

"They do seem to enjoy themselves," says Hurley blandly. "We relax the dress standards [which elsewhere are more formal than in American casinos] a bit. After all, it's a game of the people," comments the gambling manager, raising an eyebrow.

In the casino version of two-up, spinners are selected at random from the crowd, more for their potential entertainment value than for their skill with the kip. Often they are women.

On an evening not long ago, a modestly if briefly attired Swedish beauty was coaxed into the ring by a pit attendant. Amid a good bit of free and open discussion about her form, she made three unacceptable throws and retired from the pit. Her performance was generally taken to be an entertaining interlude, but a ruddy-faced mining engineer from Queenstown, a two-up punter, was annoyed. "Turned it into a bloody circus, they have," he grumbled.

In fairness, it should be noted that a two-up crowd is disrespectful of all persons, regardless of sex. Later that evening, a member of Australia's Parliament showed up and was recruited as a spinner. He accepted enthusiastically, probably for somewhat the same reasons that American politicians find it prudent to appear to be fond of baseball.

The MP may have had some previous experience. As the pit man gave the traditional call, "Come in spinner," he bent low, holding the kip almost to the floor, and then with a flick of the wrist sent the coins high in tight-spinning arcs.

He had a long, stylish run but eventually spun five consecutive tails and everyone lost. "A pollicino," snorted the Queenstown miner. "Lots of bloody show, and it ends up costing you money in the bloody end."

"Odd how it suits us," remarked the MP, nodding back toward the two-up pit. "Nothing but a test of luck, but we've always had the notion that all that counts in this big, bloody, empty country is whether things come up heads or tails for us."

END

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

FACING UP TO BILLIE JEAN'S REVELATIONS

Billie Jean King last week became the most prominent American athlete, male or female, to publicly acknowledge a homosexual liaison. That isn't to say that such relationships haven't always existed in sport. Bill Tilden was a homosexual when he was dominating the men's tennis circuit in the 1920s, but it wasn't until he was convicted, toward the end of his career, on morals offenses involving young boys that his predilections became generally known. Tom Waddell, who finished sixth in the decathlon at the 1968 Olympics, has acknowledged being homosexual, as has former NFL running back Dave Kopay. Male homosexuality is rumored to be widespread in figure skating (although one leading coach, John A.W. Nicks, strongly disagrees and says the sport merely abounds in over-sheltered "momma's boys and momma's girls") and it is not unknown in boxing. In a 1977 study of male athletes at three colleges conducted by Richard W. Smith, a professor of psychology at Cal State-Northridge, fully 40% of the 32 respondents (11) received questionnaires told of having engaged in homosexual acts at least twice during the previous two years.

But homosexuality—or, perhaps more commonly, bisexuality—has been far more of a factor in women's sports. It is generally agreed that homosexual relations among women athletes tend to be more open, more enduring and, at the top level of certain sports, more widespread than among their male counterparts. This truth may inconvenience promoters of women's sports, who have worked hard and with considerable success to dispel the notion that women who excel in sports tend to be "masculine." But while it has certainly been proved that "feminine" athletes can excel, too, the fact remains that lesbianism (involving women who, in fact, may or may not appear "masculine" at all) is commonplace on both the women's pro tennis and, even more notably, golf circuits, so much so that it is a matter of intense and immediate speculation among the athletes as to whether top newcomers are gay or straight. The observation Frank Deford made about women athletes in his story on Chris Evert Lloyd (SI, April 27) applies, in particular, to tennis and golf: to fend off the advances of "sexual predators of both genders," some women, Evert Lloyd not among them, have felt the need to rush into marriages that are foredoomed to failure.

For better or worse, the subject of lesbianism in sport will undoubtedly be receiving greater attention in the wake of Billie Jean King's revelations, which followed the filing of a nasty community property-type suit in Los Angeles Superior Court, in which her former secretary, Marilyn Barnett, charged that she and King had been lovers. After first calling Barnett's charges "untrue and unfounded," King held a press conference and, in the presence of her parents and her husband of 15 years, Larry King, told of having had "an affair with Marilyn Barnett which has been over for

quite some time," a relationship that King termed "a mistake." As though this cause célèbre isn't enough, a movie now in the works called *Personal Best* may draw further attention to lesbianism in sport. Produced, directed and written by Academy Award-winning screenwriter Robert Towne, it features Meryl Streep as a hurdler who has a lesbian encounter before falling in love with a water polo player—portrayed, as it happens, by SI Senior Writer (and former Olympic marathoner) Kenny Moore.

As the phenomenon of lesbianism in sport comes under closer scrutiny, Martin S. Weinberg, sociology professor at Indiana University and author of a forthcoming book entitled *Sexual Preference: Its Development in Men and Women*, holds to a view some may find jolting: "I know it's controversial to say it, but I believe you can be born with homosexual predispositions." Weinberg told SI Reporter Jane Bachman, "'Masculine' females may gravitate toward stereotypical 'male' activities because that's where their talents and interests lie. Such females may get involved in these activities at a very young age, which can ultimately lead to their involvement in the world of sport." Before Weinberg's remarks are discounted, it might be noted that some coaches in Communist countries, where homosexuality carries even more of a stigma than in the West, partly attribute the triumphs of their women athletes to their success in recruiting women of "masculine" stock.

Such biological considerations aside, other experts prefer to attribute the high incidence of lesbianism in sport to cultural factors. Thus, despite all the efforts made in recent years to lure them onto the playing field, some heterosexual young women persist in feeling that their proper place is on the sidelines as cheerleaders, a fact that may contribute to the disproportionate number of lesbians to be found among leading women athletes. Another oft-heard explanation is that some women athletes, disillusioned by one-night stands with a succession of locker-room-door Johnnies, turn to other women almost in desperation. Rita Mae Brown, a lesbian activist and author (*Rubyfruit Jungles*) who shares a house in Charlottesville, Va. with Martina Navratilova, insists that the same thing happens with traveling women generally and goes so far as to say, debatably, that "there's a much greater percentage of lesbians in the theater than on the tennis courts."

Jane Frederick, the American record holder in the pentathlon, claims that because men and women usually compete alongside one another at track meets, lesbianism is not as common in her sport as in tennis and golf. But Frederick revealed last week to SI's Anita Verschoth that she had had "personal experiences with other women" that would fall in the realm of sexual experimentation, or as she preferred to put it, "mutual discovery." Frederick elaborated: "My ex-

continued

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INFLATION. TOGETHER, WE CAN SELF-CONTROL IT.

periences with other women don't really color my personal preferences, because I'm still nuts about men. But many women athletes are attracted to one another. I'd say it has a lot to do with the fact that we're so physical and concerned with our bodies—and with the rediscovery of those bodies. We relate to other women in sport, and there's a kind of kinship among us. Women are attracted to me as much as men are. I know that. There's an affinity that makes one woman understand the pleasure of another. That's what draws us to each other. The attraction is especially important with athletes because we're so physical-minded. We're close to another dimension in sexuality."

Unless they care to go public on the subject as Frederick

now has—or, as in King's case, unless they feel compelled by circumstances to do so—the sex lives of individual athletes are strictly their own business. But this isn't to say that the subject is therefore completely off-limits. The study of sexuality can be a legitimate source of inquiry into what makes great athletes tick, just as the study of personality, diet or psychological traits can be. Coaches and physiologists have studied the emotional and physical effects on athletes of heterosexual activity. In this respect it may actually be a welcome development if Billie Jean King's revelations, painful though they may otherwise be, focus attention on the important and heretofore forbidden subject of homosexuality in sport.

AFTER THE DRAFT

Now that their 1981 draft is over, NFL clubs have a problem: How can they sign rookies to lucrative, long-term contracts without sowing discontent among their veterans? Such contracts are advisable because the NFL Players Association contract expires in July 1982, and there's an insurgent group, consisting mainly of agents and star players, urging the NFLPA to push for unrestricted free agency. Ed Garvey, the NFLPA's executive director, opts instead for a formula by which players would divide, according to length of service, a specified share of the NFL's gross revenues, which, not incidentally, are expected to increase dramatically under a new TV contract currently being negotiated. A showdown is likely at the NFLPA's convention next month in Chicago, and whatever course is settled on, salaries will increase. When it was reported that the New York Giants, anticipating such an increase, were prepared to select North Carolina Linebacker Lawrence Taylor and offer him a three-year, \$750,000 deal, some Giant vets, unhappy over the prospect of a rookie earning more than themselves, let it be known they wouldn't be hospitable to Taylor. Taylor sent Giant G.M. George Young a telegram expressing his dismay and, as the misnet continued, his agent, Mike Trope, said that \$750,000 wasn't enough money anyway and that, well, Taylor might just play in Canada. Undaunted, the Giants went ahead and made Taylor the No. 2 overall selection (Heisman Trophy winner George Rogers of South Carolina was New Orleans' choice as No. 1), and the Giant veterans said they'd be nice to the kid after all.

Now all Young has to do is 1) come up with some numbers that will keep Tay-

lor out of the clutches of the Hamilton Tiger-Cats, 2) win the Super Bowl, and 3) get ready for next year's draft.

PIT STOP

The Indianapolis 500 won't be quite the same this year. The Snake Pit will be gone. The Snake Pit, the area in the infield at the first turn, got its name because of the beer-swilling men and bare-breasted women who paid \$10 a head to get into the grounds. Now in its place are permanent bleachers for 3,000 fans, who will pay \$25 for a race-day ticket.

John Cooper, president of the Speedway, insists that rowdiness had nothing to do with the elimination of the Snake Pit. "We have a demand for tickets that exceeds anything we've ever had before," he says, "and we don't have that much room to expand our seating, so it seemed that area was the most desirable spot." Cooper says that Snake Pit people now will "disperse to other parts of the track," and he manages to sound almost regretful about it. "Putting in bleachers will alter the charm of this area," he says. But track insiders note that even before the bleachers went up, the space occupied by the Snake Pit had been "subtly" eroded by expansion of an adjacent parking lot in an apparent effort to gradually rid Indy of one of its abiding problems.

ON TO TRIAL

The trial to determine whether the Oakland Raiders will be permitted to move to Los Angeles is scheduled to begin on May 11. It has already been postponed several times amid suspicions that the NFL was stalling in hopes of keeping the Super Bowl champions in Oakland for at least one more season. And since the proceedings in U.S. District Court in Los

Angeles could last three months or more, the Raiders may well have to remain in Oakland during 1981, regardless of the trial's outcome.

But the NFL denies any interest in further delay. If the league loses the suit, it could be obliged under federal antitrust law to pay the Raiders and the Los Angeles Coliseum treble damages, which presumably would be greater the longer league officials can be shown to have thwarted the franchise shift. This may be what NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle had in mind when he said last week, "I'm just as anxious as anyone to get this over with." To be sure, Rozelle would be foolish not to welcome a settlement that would avoid the airing of dirty NFL linen in a public trial. But most NFL owners have balked at any deal that would allow the Raiders' boss, Al Davis, to move his club to Los Angeles. For his part, Davis has evinced little interest in letting his beloved Raiders stay put in Oakland and accepting an L.A.-based expansion franchise, one of several compromises that have been bandied about. Nevertheless, none of the parties to the bitter dispute rules out the possibility of an 11th-hour settlement.

THEY SAID IT

• Earl Weaver, Baltimore Oriole manager, explaining why he thinks Second Baseman Rich Dauer will hit .300 this season: "Because he knows now that he doesn't know all there is to know about what he should know."

• Matt Keough, Oakland A's pitcher, exulting about Charlie Finley's sale of the club to three Levi Strauss Co. executives: "One day we woke up and the Wicked Witch of the North was dead and we were all the children of Oz." **END**

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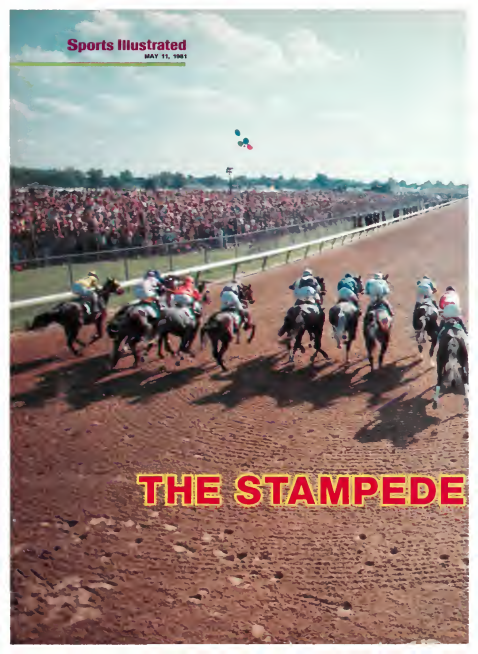


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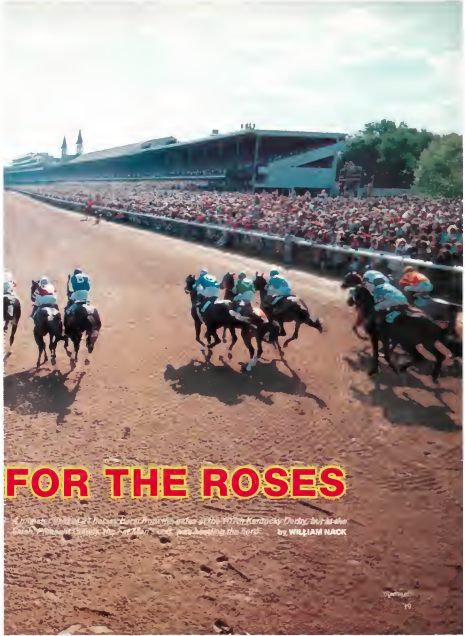
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Sports Illustrated

MAY 11, 1981



THE STAMPEDE



FOR THE ROSES

A jockey's child at 2½ hours. Born just this side of the 10th Kentucky Derby, but as the Great American Derby, the 1st Manx race, was being the first

by WILLIAM NACK

It was nearly five o'clock last Saturday afternoon, 40 minutes to post time for the Kentucky Derby, and Trainer John P. Campo was presiding outside Barn 43 at Churchill Downs, pacing and waiting anxiously to get this matter over with. Groom James Washington had already bridled the horse that Campo would be saddling in the Derby, a dark bay colt named Pleasant Colony, who at the moment was standing in his stall, his head out the door and his ears at attention, listening to the crowd gathering nearby. Campo's hands were thrust into the pants pockets of a three-piece suit that looked as out of place on him as one of Campo's work shirts would look on Pleasant Colony's owner, Thomas Mellon Evans.

"All right," Campo said to Washington. "You 'bout ready? Let's go." Washington unfurled the webbing on the door, took hold of the lead shank and led Pleasant Colony out of the stall and

down the shedrow. The colt leaned into the bit and strode powerfully, his eyes rolling and his coat gleaming like a seal's in the late afternoon light. The trainer, watching Pleasant Colony pass, slapped his hands together.

"God, he looks good!" Campo yelled. "Don't he? Jeez! Let's get this thing over with! I have 30 horses in New York and I've been here a week. I've got to get out of this joint. Let's take this crowd over there and get some action!"

Inside the hour, Campo got all the action that he could have hoped for from the 107th Derby. Under a splendidly patient and skillful ride by Jorge Velasquez, one of the ablest and most underrated riders in America, the 3½-1 second choice of the crowd of 139,195 had his time early, began a sustained run nearing the far turn and then swallowed all before him through the home stretch to win, under a hand-ride, by three-quarters of

a length. Greentree Stable's Woodchopper, a rank outsider at 34-1, made a run at Pleasant Colony through the last furlong but wasn't enough horse to beat the winner. Another long shot, Panzer, one of the nine field horses, came in third, even though his jockey, Sandy Hawley, mistook the 16th pole for the finish line and stood up prematurely, à la Bill Shoemaker on Gallant Man in the 1957 Derby. Unlike Gallant Man, Panzer was going nowhere at the time—Shoemaker was driving head and head for the lead, against Bill Hartack and Iron Liege, when he stood up—and the misjudgment probably didn't affect Saturday's outcome.

It took Pleasant Colony only two minutes and two seconds, respectable time for the mile and a quarter, to bring to a close one of the most confusing, controversial and colorful Derby weeks in recent memory. The controversy and not a little of the confusion were the result

Though a Derby record was set in the first quarter, track-runners paid a heavy price—the race's last seven finishers were all among those showing early foot





In the backstretch, Pleasant Colony (above arrow) was perked comfortably back in 15th place, then at the top of the stretch (right), Velasquez began the move from eighth to first



of a legal battle between Churchill Downs and the owners of Flying Nashua Thursday it appeared that colt wouldn't get a chance to run in the Derby because of the track's rule that only 20 horses could start. The rule, imposed after the 23-horse stampede of 1974, limited the field to the 20 horses with the highest earnings. Flying Nashua was 21st on the money list. But one of the colt's four owners, Dr. Ulf K. Jensen, and Trainer Larry Barrera filed suit in Jefferson Circuit Court seeking to have their horse put in the race on the grounds that Churchill Downs had misinterpreted its own rules, and in submitting to the colt's ruling, the Downs also permitted another previously excluded colt, Mythical Ruler, to run. With one scratch, the filly Wayward Lass, a total of 21 horses finally started.

This wasn't to be a week dominated wholly by lawyers and judges, however. Even while the courtroom jousting kept the Downs hopping with rumor and speculation through Thursday and Friday, there was the inimitable, swaggering Fat Man, the 5' 7", 250-pound Campo, wearing his University of Kentucky baseball cap, holding court each morning at the barn in the tongue he learned to speak on the sidewalks of New York. "He's by Damon Runyon out of a Don Rickles mare,"

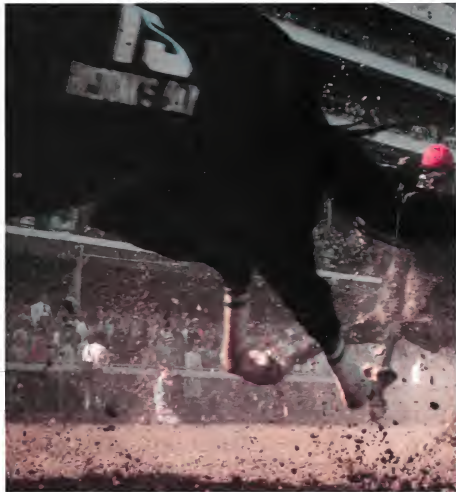
said comedian Jack Klugman. In the last analysis, this Kentucky Derby was Campo's more than anyone's, not only for his colorful presence but also for what he accomplished professionally. He took over the training of Pleasant Colony just seven weeks before the Derby, on March 16, but he quickly came to know the horse and what had to be done to ensure that Pleasant Colony would win. He saw more clearly than anyone how the Derby would be run, how the early speed would die, and how ultimately his horse would get the money and the roses.

John Paul Campo was born 43 years ago in New York City, on Fawcett Street, the son of Italian immigrants. When he was a boy, his family moved into a five-story tenement in 107th Street and First Avenue in East Harlem. "I opened up fire hydrants and ran along the tops of roofs," Campo says. "You know

Indo. A rough Italian neighborhood." When he was 11, his family moved again, this time to Ozone Park in Queens, where he attended John Adams High School on Rockaway Boulevard, just down the street from Aqueduct Racetrack. Campo never finished high school. "They kicked me out," he says. "I was too dumb. Nah. You know. Poor family. So I shined shoes and sold papers. Too busy to go to school. The old man made 65 bucks a week as a tailor. So now he makes 200. Big deal. He's a sewing machine operator. One time I worked in a factory putting buttons on garments. But no future there."

His future, Campo decided at age 17, was at Aqueduct. He started as a hot-walker for Lucien Laurin, who would one day train Triple Crown winner Secretariat, and then was a groom. He knocked around a lot in those early days, moving from trainer to trainer, until 1959 when,

continued



KENTUCKY DERBY *continued*

at age 21, he got a job rubbing horses for Eddie Neloy, one of the most colorful, capable trainers ever to tighten a girth.

"I learned a lot from Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, but not as much as I learned from Neloy," Campo says. "Neloy knew the horses that could run and couldn't

run. How to spot class. Most important, he showed me how to handicap a race, how to figure how a race was going to be run. It takes a long time to learn."

Campo worked for Neloy for nine years, the last four as assistant trainer, when Neloy was conditioning champions

like Buckpasser and Queen of the Stage. Trainer LeRoy Jolley says of Campo, "He was the hardest worker on the racetrack." Campo left Neloy in 1968 to train a stable of his own, and just a year later he finished second in the New York trainer's standings to the great Allen Jerkens. In



The second largest field in Derby history thundered past the clubhouse for the first time, kicking up clods on the way to a record \$408,200 in pay dirt.

1970 Campo won the trainers' title. "He works 18 hours a day, and the other six he spends thinking about it," says Irwin Feiner, one of Campo's owners. "And what a handicapper! We ran a horse down in Maryland five years ago, in a stake. We sat down and he handicapped

eight out of the day's nine winners and he told me not to bet my horse. We finished fourth. Unbelievable. I've seen him do it several times."

To the chagrin of most horseplayers on April 18 of this year, Campo had the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct picked

cold, despite the opinion expressed on TV by New York trainer-announcer Frank Wright that favorite Cure the Blues was the only good horse in the race. Campo, of course, picked Pleasant Colony to win. He had liked the colt since he first saw him as a 2-year-old. Bud

continued

Delp, who trained Spectacular Bid, had Pleasant Colony for a while, and then Evans gave the colt to Evans' other trainer, P. O'Donnell Lee. The colt showed some life as a juvenile, winning two of five races and \$87,968. In his first start in Florida this past winter, he got beat a nose by Akureyri in the Fountain of Youth Stakes and then finished a dull fifth, 12½ lengths behind Lord Avie, in the Florida Derby. It was later learned that the colt was recovering from a virus when he ran in the Florida Derby. That's when Evans called Campo. Evans says now that he wasn't unhappy with the way Lee handled the colt, that Lee and Campo swap his horses all the time, and that he thought a change of trainers might bring about a change in luck.

Campo took over Pleasant Colony 33 days before the Wood and worked like a tiger on him. "The kid I feel gave him to me in excellent shape," Campo says. "You can't have a horse only 33 days and win a major stakes race with him without some help. Jeez, let me tell you—if anybody watched the horse train for the Wood, watched his works, God Almighty, you had to take a little shot. He was a big price!"

On the morning of the Wood, Campo was atop the clocker's shed at Belmont

Park when David Whaley, the trainer of another Wood entry, Highland Blade, came by on horseback. Campo bellowed down to him, "David! We're going to finish one-two today."

"My horse first, yours second," said Whaley.

"No, my horse first, yours second," Campo said.

Pleasant Colony went off at 12-1, but he ran as if he were 1-5, blowing past Cure the Blues in the stretch to win by three. Highland Blade finished second. Campo danced into the winner's circle, shouting, "[Expletive] easy, that's what it was, and we're gon' to Kentucky and beat those [expletive]s, too," and screaming, "Where's Frank Wright? Only one good horse in the race, huh? Yeah, and Campo's got him! Frank Wright ought to be selling papers." Campo was now Derby-bound, eager for more. He slapped the colt to Kentucky a week before the race and drew reporters daily to his shed. Someone reminded him that he'd once remarked that, if a Derby field had 20 horses, 17 of them wouldn't be any good.

"Jeez," Campo said. "I don't remember sayin' that. I didn't pick a number, did I?"

"Crows," someone said to the trainer.

"Seventeen got to be crows, you said."

"Oh, I mighta said that," Campo said.

And he said a lot of things last week before the Derby. Still angered over derogatory remarks about Hall of Fame trainers (many of whom are in New York) that California Trainer D. Wayne Lukas reportedly made a couple of years ago, Campo said, "He's a nitwit. He had the best filly in the country two years ago [Tertigual]. She was 1-5 in New York and you couldn't find her with a search warrant. Now he has this horse Parter and he don't know he's a bum. What are you gon' do with the bum, milk him?" When Delp suggested that if his filly, Truly Bound, had been in the Wood, Pleasant Colony would have finished second, Campo said, "If Buddy Delp is so smart, how come he had this horse of mine and gave him up, huh? You answer me that. Aw, he's all right. He reminds me of John Campo five, six years ago. He likes to talk too much, that's all."

Campo talked all through Derby week, increasingly confident of his horse's chances. On Thursday he drew the No. 7 post. "Touchdown!" Campo cried when his post was announced. "If this horse runs as good as he's training, nobody will beat him. Anybody who knows how to handicap a race, how to watch a race, knows. No other horse in here has won a major stakes race easier than this horse when he won the Wood. He's almost too easy to train. Push a button, he goes one way; push another button, he goes the other way. I've tried to find something wrong with him, and I haven't been able to. Nuthin'!"

Nor did the size of the field worry Campo, because he had Velasquez riding Pleasant Colony, a jockey known for his uncanny ability to keep horses out of trouble. "There's a lot of garbage in the race, but Velasquez knows how to ride," Campo said. "When he's ready to run, the jock will know. Georgie has just got to get him comfortable the first part of it. At the end he'll be running. I'm going to put on a show you guys have never seen. If this horse wins, we're going to take Churchill Downs home with us! Thank I'm kidding? In the back of the van! Aqueduct's deterioratin' anyway."

Campo was not alone in his confidence, mainly because there were so many questions about the form and abilities of most of the other horses. Cure the Blues and Proud Appeal, who had



Although the Fat Man boasted that he would win the Derby, he still crowed when his crow came in



Lightly regarded Woodchopper Eddie Delahoussaye up made a determined run at Pleasant Colony and Jorge Velasquez in the stretch, but came up short

both run so brilliantly in the Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct on April 5, had since given off signals that the race had sapped them. Cure the Blues had stopped almost to a walk in the Wood, and though Proud Appeal had gone on to win the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, his time had been lackluster by his usual standards. Bold Ego, Tap Shoes, Woodchopper, Pass the Tab and Splendid Spruce had shown ability but hadn't been tested for class. So Pleasant Colony, off his superior performance in the Wood, looked to many like the colt who would take the most beating in the Derby.

Campo had figured that the speed horses would weaken and that if Velasquez could just keep Pleasant Colony comfortable and keep him out of trouble, he'd win. And that's precisely what happened. Top Avenger, Bold Ego and Proud Appeal, the pre-race favorite, charged from the gate for the lead, with Top Avenger smoking through the fastest early clockings in the race's history, a blistering quarter in :21½, a half in :45½ and three quarters in 1:10½. That pan-

dered those three. Velasquez, meanwhile, had done just what Campo had asked. Through the stretch the first time, he'd steered the colt toward the rail and let him relax in 15th place. Down the backstretch, with the leaders dragging the field along, he'd sat coolly, until they approached the far turn. Suddenly, Partez made a giant move, going from 10th to second and racing strongly on the turn for home. "I thought we were a winner at the head of the stretch," Hawley said.

He was wrong. Velasquez slipped inside of horses around the bend and then cut outside as he made the final turn. By now the speed was withering, and Velasquez was on the outside with running room. He charged through the upper stretch, moving from eighth place to first inside an eighth of a mile. Woodchopper made his belated run, but he couldn't get there. As the field straggled behind him to the wire, it was an extraordinary sight: The first nine finishers were all horses that had been farther back than ninth place in the first quarter-mile. The last seven finishers had all been ninth or bet-

ter at the first quarter. Cure the Blues finished 15th, Proud Appeal 18th.

A few minutes later, there was Campo, rushing down the stretch to greet Velasquez and Pleasant Colony on their triumphal passage to the winner's circle. A crowd pressed around the colt. Not far behind, walking steadily across the racetrack, came Evans, the 70-year-old industrialist who, like Campo, had just won his first Derby. And with a colt that he'd bred himself, Evans seemed to float.

"Oh, that was a fun race!" he said.

As Campo led Pleasant Colony into the winner's circle, he suddenly shouted at those pressing around him. "Get back! Everybody, dammit! Stay way back. I want my boss to take this horse into the circle!" The crowd edged back. He wheeled the colt around. Evans stepped forward, and John Paul Campo—the kid who opened fire hydrants in East Harlem, the workaholic protégé of Eddie Neley, the swaggering Fat Man, the handicapper, the trainer of Pleasant Colony—handed Thomas Mellon Evans the end of the leather shank.

END



THE WORTH OF A BIRD IN HAND

The Celtics came winging back from 3-1 to embarrass the nose-diving Sixers

by JOHN PAPANEK

There was no way to explain it, really, no straightforward strategic reasons why the Boston Celtics came back from the brink of humiliation three times in the course of a week before beating the Philadelphia 76ers 91-90 for the NBA Eastern Conference championship Sunday, in a seventh game that never should have been. At least no way for the Sixers to explain, which was why they hustled out of Boston Garden with scarcely a word. "This is a down time. See you next year," said Julius Erving, who as much as any 76er tossed the series away when one basket—two measly points—would have won it.

There were scars and bruises, enough bodies scattered and shattered in last week's final three games to make the sport seem more like ice hockey than basketball. But in the end it came to this: Boston got the better of the banging, and in a season during which the Celtics and the Sixers had identical 62-20 records, during which they split the six games on the regular schedule and the six—before Sunday—more in the playoffs, the Celtics proved to be better by a single point. Either the 76ers did one of the great choking acts of all time by blowing a 3-1 lead in games or this thing called Celtic Pride that the guys in the green shoes

Bird was the series' high scorer and Boston's main man in Game 7 with 23 points and 11 rebounds.

kept talking about all week is for real.

Look at it any way you want, but here's the history. Six points behind with 1:51 to play on their home court in Game 5, the Celtics outscore Philly 8-0 to win 111-109. Down 17 in the second period in Game 6 and playing in the Spectrum where they have lost 11 straight, the Celtics claw and clobber their way back to win 100-98. Then, on Sunday, Boston is down by 11 in the third period, by seven with 5:23 left in the game. But the 76ers don't make another bucket. Boston out-scores them 9-1 and wins the series.

It was miracle enough that Boston was even around for Game 7. Then, in an attempt to ensure that the Celtic comeback would fall short, 76er Coach Billy Cunningham spent hours trying to figure out how to avoid the kind of finishes his team had suffered through in Games 5 and 6. "More rest for Julius and Darryl [Dawkins]," he said. "With Bobby Jones and C.J. [Caldwell Jones] and Steve [Mix], we should never have anybody tired out there." Paying closer attention to playing time was clearly needed. After his woeful five-for-17, 16-point performance in Game 6, which brought his shooting down to 42% for the series, Erving had said, "I'm tired and sore. I'll be happy if I'm tired or sore on Sunday."

On Sunday he was soaring, even if he was sore, scoring 11 points in the first half and 10 in the fourth period. With Bobby Jones, Erving shared the defensive duties on Larry Bird (23 points), while Dawkins and C.J. got Celtic Center Robert Parish into foul trouble. As they had in six of the seven games, Philly got out to a strong early lead.

"We were determined not to let them get back, no matter what," said Erving. "We were going to play as if it were 0-0 at halftime."

The Celtics did get back but not for long. Just when another Philly fold looked imminent—their five-point half-time lead had shrunk to one—Erving and Dawkins led a surge, culminating in a four-point play, three by Maurice Cheeks on a layup and free throw and one more by B. Jones, on the free throw after a technical foul on Bird 67-56.

"I know this sounds crazy," said Boston's icy-cool rookie forward, Kevin McHale, "but I looked up at the board and envisioned an 11-point play."

Sure enough, the Celtics almost pulled one off, running off an 8-0 spurt led

by Cedric Maxwell, who, in addition to winning the award for the most improved defensive player of the year for his work on Erving in the series, scored 19 points. Early in the fourth period, Boston finally took the lead, at 77-75, after a bomb by Tiny Archibald. But then a refreshed Erving came off the bench and simply made the game his own. He hit a bank shot, ran a fly-by layup past McHale, threw down a running fast-break jam, scored on an 18-footer and spun in a reverse layup after rebounding his own miss. Ten quick points and the Sixers led 89-82 with 5:23 left. It was time for Philly to protect the lead, go home and forget the whole Boston ordeal. The 76ers just forgot too soon.

While bodies flew on every play, Philadelphia, as it had in all its losses, again proved it couldn't play half-court basketball. Erving threw a horrible cross-court pass that Bird picked off and Archibald converted into two free throws. Then, Bobby Jones threw an even worse one that Bird flicked to Parish, and Parish flicked into the Boston basket. At 89-87 in Philly's favor, Parish rejected a Dawkins shot—one of three blocks by the

continued



Robust Rock Robey sprang to life in Game 7



As the Celtics roared back, the parquet was littered with bodies, like those of Archibald and Holmes.

Boston center in the second half—and Bird, fouled by Erving, made two free throws to tie the score.

At the other end, Erving went up for a layup and ate the ball, thanks to Bird. Moments later Philly went down deep to Dawkins, who shot the ball clear over the basket. Bird hauled down the rebound and scooted away to can the win-

ner, a 12-foot bank job 91-89, Celtics. "I wanted the ball in my hands for that last shot," said Bird. "Not in anybody else's hands, not in anybody else's hands in the world. I knew we would win it. It looked like every time the Sixers got the ball at the end they wanted to give it away." Indeed, Erving now threw the ball away again, to M.L. Carr, but Cheeks

stole it back and got fouled driving to the basket. With a chance to tie the game, Cheeks hit only one of two free throws with 29 seconds left.

Of course, if you believe history repeats itself, there never should have been a seventh game. In the NBA's 34 previous seasons, 68 teams have been down 3-1 in playoff series. Of those 68, only

continued



Malone's life story: great boards but no college

AND IN THIS CORNER...

Around the NBA the lane, that 16'x19' area from the foul line to the baseline, has come to be known as "the paint." That's a pretty benign name for what is actually a combat zone, a place where fancy moves and behind-the-back dribbles meet crunching reality. No one plays the paint harder—and loves it more—than Houston Rocket Center Moses Malone. The lane is his home. He owns it. And he doesn't enter it flashing toothy endorsement smiles. He goes in wearing a mouthpiece.

In 1974 Malone became the first high school player to jump directly to the pros, and despite his lack of collegiate experience, he has become the NBA's preeminent rebounder. Indeed, he has done for the offensive rebound what Bill Russell did for the blocked shot, refining it into an art that his peers can only envy.

Malone broke in with the ABA Utah Stars and bounced to three other teams before landing with the Rockets in 1976. In the five seasons since, he has won two NBA rebounding titles, finished second twice and third once. With 24.8 points and a league-leading 17.6 boards a game in '79, he was named the league MVP. The numbers show year

after year, more than two a game better than anyone else, and 27.8 points, second in the NBA. In postseason play, starting with a 38-point, 23-rebound game in a mini-series opener against the defending-champion Lakers, and continuing against San Antonio and Kansas City, Malone has been all but unstoppable. He's the reason the Rockets have become only the second team with a losing regular-season record (40-42) ever to reach the NBA finals.

"I love to rebound," he says, convincingly. "Scorers will have off nights. But the boards. They'll be there."

After he grabs a rebound and kicks it out to a guard, Moses' slow gait downcourt, with his small hands swinging at his sides, seems to reflect a disdain for all that between-the-legs stuff. But when he gets his 6'10", 235-pound frame to the paint, he's a study in perpetual motion, the hardest worker in the league. It's his weapon, his way of countering those who have always wanted to beat him by beating him up.

"In high school, they had three guys just work on me," he says. Malone's Petersburg (Va.) High team used to play exhibition games against inmates at the Virginia State Penitentiary in Richmond. "You know they were rough," he said. "They had this guy called Mikman, who was bigger than I was and knew no fouls."

Why'd they call him Mikman? Moses smiles and shakes his head. "Cause he killed one man."

Malone may be all business on the court, but he's the Rockets' practical joker off it. Early this season he helped take a Houston rookie into the roof's hotel room before the team bus left for the airport, and on another occasion he brought boxing gloves onto the court before a game with San Antonio and its famed front line, the Bruce Brothers.

Moses has always been a man of few words. One Utah radio man dubbed him Mumbles. Malone his rookie year because he looked at his feet when he talked and spoke the language of his poor Southern roots. But at 26, Malone has grown. He's still aloof—preferring to answer an interview request with something like, "Yeah, I'll talk. Did you bring my check?"—but he's no longer uncomfortable. This year he has taken to calling Hous-

ton writers by their names instead of their papers, Post and Chronicle.

"It all goes back to that high school thing," Malone says. Indeed, for all of his accomplishments, Malone is still called High School Boy by razzing fans. The suggestion is that he's too dumb or even too un-American—Dumb college? For shame!—to ever amount to anything.

Malone is one of just three NBA players—along with teammate Bill Witherspoon and Philadelphia's Darryl Dawkins—who skipped college. "People thought we had problems and that's why we didn't go to college. But they're the fools. We had to have strong minds to do what we did. Shoot, there're guys from college who aren't in this league anymore. So I got no regrets. All along, I thought that if I make mistakes, it's going to be me that makes 'em. It was a chance I had to take, and now I'm where I want to be."

Malone views his championship battle with the Celtics' massive front wall much as a professional fighter would a title bout. "You know you can't move all those big guys," he says. "So I'll just jab at them here and there. And I'll move, move, move."

On offense, Malone will shoot a lot in an attempt to draw the Celtics' shot blockers, Robert Parish and Kevin McHale, into foul trouble. On defense, his main concern will be to keep Boston's big men "off my boards."

"Moses plays better against the better big guys," says one Rocket official. "I don't know. Maybe he likes those finese centers a lot and doesn't want to run up 40 points and 25 rebounds on them. But against the brutes, it's always a knockdown, drag out. And he doesn't back down from anyone."

"It took our players a long time to realize they were playing with the greatest," says Houston Coach Del Harris. "Early in the year they griped about how much they had to sacrifice their game for Mo's."

Now Rocket Forward Robert Reid is unabashedly proud of performing in Malone's shadow, he says. "All these players that walk around and talk about how great it was to have played with Wilt and Russell and Mikan. Hey, when my grandkids grow up, I'm going to tell them about this big fella. By then he'll be known as the best of them all."

—ROY S. JAMESON



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12 hung on to play a seventh game, and only three came back to win the series. The first team to do it was Boston in 1968. The Celtics pulled it off against—guess who?—the 76ers, largely because Philly's then-sixth man, Cunningham, was out with a broken wrist.

The Celtics' recent history also made a seventh game unlikely. After all, going into Game 6 there were those 11 straight losses in Philadelphia dating back to Jan. 20, 1979. Leave it to the brash McHale to spit in the devil's face. "Everybody's been talking about the jinx," he said. "Well, what about the law of averages? Put champs on roller skates, let them play in the Spectrum enough times and sooner or later they'll win."

So much for history and probability. After the Celtics blew their home-court advantage by losing Game 1, everyone scoffed when Boston Coach Bill Fitch said, "The only time the home-court advantage counts in the playoffs is in the seventh game." The fact that Game 7 occurred on the Boston Garden parquet, beneath those 13 championship banners, before a manic 15,320 fans—that fact can be traced to chicanery, to the CBS eyespy caper Fitch pulled in the Celtic-Sixer regular-season game on March 1 in Boston. That day Fitch got himself ejected and spent the rest of the game in the locker room, gleefully watching each time CBS trained its camera on Cunningham's clipboard and then sending perfect defensive instructions via messenger to his bench. It was conceded that Fitch's covert intelligence won that game. And that victory gave Boston the home-court advantage in the playoffs.

"It was a joke, really," says Cunningham of Fitch's play. But not nearly as bad a joke as the one the Sixers must explain now, when they, not the Celtics, should be playing the Houston Rockets in the finals. If only they hadn't let Boston get up off the mat in Games 5 and 6, when the Celtics were within an eye blink of losing their playoff lives.

The Game 5 loss in Boston was especially hard for the Sixers to swallow. Ahead 109-103 with 1:51 left, Philly never scored again while Boston danced away with the game, nullifying 23 points by Lionel Hollins, 20 by Andrew Toney and 21 each by Erving and Dawkins.

The Sixers hazenly proclaimed that Game 6 on Friday would surely be the last one. "As far as I'm concerned," said Erving, "this will be the seventh game



Down by two in Game 7 with 29 left, Celtics was fouled by Henderson but missed one free throw

for both teams." What would that make Sunday's game back in Boston? he was asked. "Unnecessary," said the Doctor.

And so it seemed as Philly burned the shorts right off the Celtics, getting up 35-18 before the second period was two minutes old. It didn't seem to matter that Fitch had resorted to everything short of voodoo to break the Spectrum jinx. He had his players drowsy at different lockers, sent them out the Sixers' tunnel and warmed up at "the winners' basket" instead of the one in front of Boston's bench. "We were fishing troubled waters," said Fitch. "It was time to get the heavy line out." But the inevitable Philly swoon set in, helped in part by a vicious Spectrum crowd.

Early in the third period, Maxwell, normally the most reserved of players, attacked a fan in the stands. Both benches emptied and only Dawkins, a tower of strength at holding bodies apart, prevented serious carnage. But the fuse had been lit. "I think the team came together when I went into the stands," said Maxwell.

The booing and cursing of the Philly fans only fired the Celtics up more. At

one point a fan threw a cup of beer at Maxwell, and play stopped while McHale grabbed a mop to clean the backboards—a harbinger, as it turned out. When Toney drove for what could have been the game-winner for Philly with 14 seconds left, McHale blocked the shot, caught the ball and pitched it out for what became the two Maxwell free throws that broke the Spectrum jinx for Boston.

"Now we have to go back to Boston," said Cunningham. "We can do one of two things. Figure that they got their home-court advantage back and roll over, or do to them at their place what they did to us at ours."

What Philadelphia did on Sunday was the same thing it had done since it "locked up" the series at 3-1. It choked.

Most of the Celtics savored their enjoyment by challenging the Guinness record for longest post-game shower. When the star of the afternoon, the series and perhaps this entire season, Bird, finally emerged, he said, "I can't understand why Philly kept letting us back in."

The 76ers have the entire off-season to ponder the same question. **END**



WINGING ON TOWARD IMMORTALITY

by ANITA VERBCHOTH

Of all the divers in the history of his exacting sport, Greg Louganis comes closer than any to being "perfect"

People who watch Greg Louganis dive in competition seem compelled to liken his craft or art to something else. So smooth, so seamless are the few seconds he spends in midair—at times he seems to float beyond the reach of gravity—that great dancers come to mind; thus, Louganis is "the Nureyev of diving" or "the Baryshnikov of diving," depending on how current one wants to be on Russian ballet dancers. Many of his opponents use the words "catlike" and "feline" to describe the way he moves. His father, sitting beneath a framed photograph of his son doing a swan dive, says, "I see him as a bird."

Asked what creature he would most like to be compared to, Gregory Efthimos Louganis, 21, now and not yet completely out of the shell he hid in as a youngster, thinks for a while and then says, "A panther. I have been called that by one of my dance teachers."

Perhaps Louganis inherited his smoothness and grace



from his Samoan ancestors, perhaps he acquired them, along with his extraordinary strength and discipline, after he was adopted by the Louganises, by dancing and tumbling from the time he was a baby, not yet 2. The fact is that for as long as anyone can remember, Louganis has had star quality. Followers of diving speak of his "God-given talent" and call him a "natural." Even though he has yet to win an Olympic gold medal (the Olympic boycott last year cost him a crack at two), Louganis is acknowledged as one of the great divers of the world and the very best in springboard. He has won 16 national championships, an Olympic silver medal in 1976, a gold medal at the 1978 World Championships, two golds at the 1979 Pan American Games and a gold at the 1979 World Cup. He has also won three NCAA titles and has a chance of winning four more, which would surpass the record of five held by seven others. He is something apart, a nonpareil.

Watching Louganis take off from a diving board can take your breath away. He soars higher than any of his rivals, he spins and twists more smoothly, more slowly, it seems. Then he lines up his body so that it is perfectly straight and vertical to the pool and, with his arms outstretched, continuing the line of his body, palms out, punches a hole in the surface of the water just big enough for his body to slip

through with the least possible splash. In a reverse $1\frac{1}{2}$ lay-out off the three-meter springboard—his most consistently spectacular dive, one that nobody may ever do as well as he does—he seems to float horizontally like a magic carpet, arcing ever so slowly. "When he does it perfectly," says Ron O'Brien, his coach at Mission Viejo, Calif., "the crowd knows that it has seen something unusual. The judges know it. It's nothing he does technically. It's his grace, along with his strength to hold it in the air, and the lines of his body. Esthetics are an important part of our sport."

This dive usually earns him 10s from the judges, the highest score they can give. "He is the only diver I have seen who is capable of getting 10s on all his dives," says Dr. Sammy Lee, his former coach and the 10-meter Olympic champion in 1948 and 1952. Indeed, at last month's indoor nationals in Columbus, Ohio, Louganis' back dive in the pike position off the three-meter board earned him eight 10s from the nine judges. His total for the 11 three-meter dives came to a record 715.74 points. Only he had ever surpassed 700 before: at a meet in Canberra, Australia this January. "With someone like him," says Lee, "they're going to have to raise the scoring to 11s and 12s."

A "perfect 10" in diving requires three in- *continued*



LOUGANIS continued

gradients. In the jargon they are 1) a great "top"—soaring height and the ability to perform graceful acrobatics high above the water, 2) getting straight up and down—preparing for entry by becoming perpendicular to the water and 3) a "rip" entry, so named for the sound the diver ought to make as he punches through the surface and enters without a splash. In all this, the lines of the body are extremely important, down to the toes, which ideally should be curled under like a ballerina's on point.

The physical equipment Louganis possesses is formidable. His vertical jump from a standing position on the 10-meter platform has been measured at 37 inches. When he bounces up off the three-meter springboard, his feet seem to reach the level of the seven-meter warmup tower. He is also fortunate enough to have the look of the ideal diver. At 5' 9" and 150 pounds, his body is the perfect size, with just the right proportions to satisfy the esthetic requirements judges subconsciously impose.

"Louganis' body is beautiful," says

veteran diver Mike Finneran, an old rival. "He never looks bad. He has good toes, good feet, good legs, a good back position, flexible shoulders and a flat lineup. Other divers have some of these qualities. He has them all."

"You just follow your instincts," Louganis says. "When you're in the air, you have something like a cat's sense. You're aware of where your body is going, and your peripheral vision tells you how high off the water you are, so you can plan your dive and your entry. If you are diving well, you have all the time in the world to attend to the details."

Until three years ago, Louganis was primarily a tower specialist. The 10-meter tower is a platform cantilevered out

33 feet above a pool that is 17 feet deep. From his starting position the tower diver looks 50 feet straight down to the bottom of the pool. "And some pools," says Louganis, "look like a little postage stamp." Tower diving isn't for those fearful of heights, but it's considered easier to master than springboard diving. A tower is a constant; it doesn't whip, the way a springboard does, requiring very precise timing for the takeoff.

At the Montreal Olympics, Louganis won a silver medal on the platform, barely losing—by one blown dive and 23.52 points—to the venerable Klaus Dibiasi, Italy's "Blond Angel." It was Dibiasi's third gold medal, his last moment of triumph before retirement. Louganis was only 16 years old; when he congratulated Dibiasi, the Italian said, "Next Olympics, I watch you." In the summer of 1978, Louganis succeeded Dibiasi at the top when he won the platform event at the world championships in Berlin.

Since then Louganis has also become a springboard specialist—in large measure because he enrolled in college and collegiate diving consists only of one-meter and three-meter springboard events. Louganis competed for the University of Miami for two years before transferring recently to the University of California at Irvine. Because of the transfer he is ineligible to compete in collegiate meets until next spring. By the time Louganis finished his freshman year at Miami, he had taken the national three-meter title for the first time, and he has repeated as champion on the three-meter and one-meter boards at the U.S. Indoor and Outdoor Championships ever since.

The soaring height Louganis achieves gives him time to do his acrobatics and still be able to "attend to the details."



Louganis sets up his boards in a special way. "I put the fulcrum back farther than most divers," he says, "because I want for the board longer. The board will be slower, but it will throw the diver up higher. The board starts to move down, up. When it starts going down again, that's when you want to hit it. I listen to the board. I hear it bounce off the fulcrum." In a super-slow-motion film study done at Miami, Louganis' feet hit the board only $\frac{1}{3}$ of a second before it bottomed out, which is as close to perfect as anybody has ever been.

Louganis' involvement with spring-board diving has caused him to neglect platform diving at times, and in the last two national indoor championships, he has been beaten by Bruce Kimball, a 17-year-old from Ann Arbor, Mich. "I don't mind getting beaten by Bruce," says Louganis. "He's coming up, and I'm glad he's such a tough competitor. He keeps me on my toes."

In summer, when Louganis doesn't have to worry about school, he catches up with his platform training. At the outdoors last August, Louganis was 2.19 points behind Kimball before each took his last tower dive. Kimball dived first, earning 7s and 8s. Louganis made similar scores, but, having chosen a dive of greater difficulty, defeated him by 3.69 points. "My mother was in the stands," he recalls. "When she attends a meet she gives me confidence. The same would be true of my father," he adds, "except that he's usually pacing up and down behind the bleachers."

Louganis has had his share of mishaps and injuries—a bad back in 1977, sore wrists from punching through the water, slinging toes from hitting the board. A year and a half ago, an accident came perilously close to ending Louganis' career. He was competing in a U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. dual meet in Tbilisi. Usually, a 10-meter platform is constructed of cement and covered with a thin non-slip mat. At Tbilisi, however, the takeoff had a plywood surface, supported by two-by-fours. It turned out to be unpredictably bouncy, making it difficult for the divers to control their takeoffs. On Louganis' third dive, a reverse dive pike, he leapt up and, as prescribed, reversed in midair, but as he descended the base of his skull cracked into the platform. Unconscious, he plummeted 33 feet to the pool, landing on his



A dive ends with a vertical stretch-out and a splashless "top" through the surface of the pool

back. He was out cold for 15 minutes.

Although he had been concussed and had suffered a badly bruised back, Louganis was diving again only two days after he got back to Miami. "I was dizzy for a while," he says. In just three days he decided to attempt the reverse pike again. As Miami Coach Steve McFarland watched, Louganis stood, arms outstretched, poised at the end of the platform. Then he jumped ... and did a back somersault back onto the platform. Laughing, Louganis looked down at McFarland, whose stomach had done its own somersault.

Last November, Louganis competed in the Martini International at the Crystal Palace in London despite a torn muscle below his left shoulder. He was determined to compete in London because he hoped to meet Aleksandr Portnov, the Russian who had won the three-meter gold medal in the Moscow Olympics. As it turned out, Portnov had stayed home with a knee injury. Louganis did well until his last dive, when the muscle gave and he couldn't hang onto his pike. He

came in second to China's Li Kongzheng—by .27 of a point.

Frances Louganis may have felt a bit like McFarland that day in 1961 when she found 1½-year-old Greg standing on his head in the living room of their home in El Cajon, some 12 miles east of San Diego. Frances, a farmer's daughter from Mt. Pleasant, Texas, had met Peter Louganis, the son of Greek immigrants who had settled in New Bedford, Mass., in San Diego in 1952. They were married the following year. Peter Louganis was working as a bookkeeper for the Fishermen Marine Company then, today he is a tuna-boat controller for the American TunaBoats Association. The Louganises have two children, both of them adopted. Despina is a year and a half older than Greg and part Indian, French, English and Irish; Greg's natural father was Samoan, his mother English and Scottish. He was nine months old at the time of the adoption. "Everybody wanted blond, blue-eyed babies" continued





Dry-land exercises for Louganis include ballet class and a workout on a spotting apparatus with Coach O'Brien.



in acrobatics competitions. When Greg began to practice his acrobatics off the diving board at the backyard pool, Peter Louganis felt it was time for his boy to see a diving coach.

Greg began to take diving lessons at the Parks and Recreation Center in La Mesa, not far from El Cajon, when he was 9. Lee remembers seeing him for the first time in the 1971 Junior Olympics at Colorado Springs, when Greg was 11. The old Olympic champ, who is 61 now and an ear specialist in Santa Ana, recalls, "When I first watched him, I said to myself, 'My God, that's the greatest talent I've ever seen.' He was on springboard and his spring was so much higher than that of any other child his age, or even 13- and 14-year-olds. He was years ahead of his age group."

In 1975 Peter Louganis asked Lee if he would coach Greg, and how much he would charge. "I don't charge anything," said Lee. "I do it for love. But listen, he'll have to live up to these requirements: no smoking, no drinking, and I want my home pool cleaned regularly." That summer and fall, Louganis learned all the big 2½ and 3½ dives, but he was always cautious. Often, Billy Day, another pupil of Lee's, had to shame Greg into trying a new dive. For six months before the Montreal Olympics he lived at Lee's home, and when the Olympics came around, Lee expected a gold medal performance from his 16-year-old protégé. But there was one thing Lee hadn't been able to pass on to Greg—a killer instinct. "I wanted him to climb up to the tower thinking, 'I'll show you s.o.b.'s,'" Lee says. Then he adds, shaking his head, "When Greg loses, it doesn't seem to bother him."

In Montreal, as Louganis clutched his silver medal, he seemed overwhelmed by the commotion he had created. He has come a long way since then. Although he's still soft-spoken and becomingly modest, he can handle the press with poise and even a dash of mischievousness. A poolside interview at the recent indoor nationals went like this:

"Are you living at home now, Greg?"

"No, I have my own apartment." Pause. "And I'm living with a nice little girl."

"Oh? What's her name?"

"Maile. You know. Like the Hawaiian leaf."

then," says Frances. Neither child has ever met its natural parents, though after Greg's silver medal in the Olympics, Frances half expected a knock on the door.

Despina was first to take tap-dancing lessons, but after Mrs. Louganis found Greg standing on his head, she enrolled him as well. "I wanted my children to grow up with a little grace," she says. "Mom didn't want any klutzes," says Greg. By the time Greg was three he was performing in a dance-studio show. He sang *Dance with Me* while wearing a shiny black tuxedo that his mother had made by hand, a top hat and a carnation in his buttonhole. By his side was his partner, Eleanor Smith, a cute blonde 4-year-old, in tulle and silver tap shoes. "All I can remember about that," says Greg, "is seeing the sun hanging in the closet." By the time Greg and Eleanor were 8 and 9, they were accomplished tumblers who took part

"That's nice. How old is she?" Longanis had been seen with a succession of girls, but this was evidently a new one.

"She'll be 10 weeks tomorrow." Another pause. "She's a Great Dane."

Lee started the diving program at Mission Viejo, which had been known primarily as a powerhouse in swimming, and since he could not apply himself to the job full-time, he saw to it that O'Brien, a successful coach at Ohio State, was hired as Mission Viejo's head diving coach in 1978. O'Brien had first worked with Longanis when the boy came to his summer camp at the age of 15, a moody youngster who often refused to talk. O'Brien decided that making Greg a happier, more outgoing person would be his biggest challenge.

"I don't have to coach him technically as much as the other divers, because of his ability level," says O'Brien. "My main job is to keep him relaxed. I joke a little. When he smiles, he dives well."

When he was looking over colleges in 1978, Longanis decided to accept a scholarship offer from Miami because it had an excellent drama program. So once again he was on stage, and in the fall of his sophomore year Frances Longanis traveled east to see her son in his first dramatic performance. The play was *Equus*. As well as having a hit part, Greg played Nugget, one of the horses. Attending a dress rehearsal, Frances heard her son say some things she had never allowed to be uttered in her house. "Everybody in the audience heard me gasp, and started laughing," she recalls, "but Greg never broke stride." Frances wound up seeing the play four times.

But Miami was a long way from El Cajon and Mission Viejo, and Longanis wanted to consolidate his training. He took last fall's semester off to work as an apprentice bartender in a Mexican restaurant at Anaheim. He also took a two-month leave from diving. "I needed the money," he says, "and I needed a rest."

In December he accepted a scholarship from the University of California at Irvine where he resumed his studies in January. A drama major, he is taking 22 units at Irvine, a load that will keep him out of competition until next month.



Greg's little girl, Maile, had her puppy ears cropped.

"Ronnie and I have talked about this," he says. "If I'm going to continue until 1984, which I intend to do, I need a break. So this is the year when I can do what I want to do. I want to get involved in school, get to know people. I am new here. I don't know anybody. I'm glad I don't have to live and sleep diving this year. I have so many other interests."

Longanis' favorite classes are classical literature and dance. In his dance class he has discovered that ballet is far more demanding than tap, jazz or modern dance. It has been said that Longanis could have his pick of admiring girls anywhere. In ballet class, however, as he ruefully explains, he has to pick them up. "You pick them up," he says, "and you set them down, not too gently, and they land on your foot. I never lifted weights in my life, and now I am lifting partners. I am using muscles I never knew I had. A *pas de deux* is a lot harder than diving workouts. On tuesday I do a few dives and I'll be a little sore the next day. From a ballet session I come home dying, absolutely exhausted."

Longanis shares a two-bedroom apartment with Kevin Perry, a former art student who works for the phone company because he can no longer afford to

live in a simple place on a back street in Costa Mesa, a 20-minute drive from Irvine, 30 minutes from Mission Viejo, an hour and a half from home. The couch and armchairs are covered with newspapers because Maile, the Hawaiian leaf, acts more like the ram-bunctious Great Dane puppy she is than the "Mellow Mink" she is supposed to be. But she is something to come home to, "like a little daughter," says Greg.

Next month, Longanis will compete in the three-meter at the World Cup in Mexico City, where he expects to meet Porcino, and next year there will be the world championships in Ecuador. The Los Angeles Olympics are only three years away. Nobody has ever won both the springboard and tower at the world championships, and the only man to win the two events at an Olympics was Pete Dondos of the U.S., way back in 1928.

"Greg has the ability to win both at a world championship, and in '84," says O'Brien. "Nobody is perfect, but when he's prepared and confident and smiling, he can come closer to being perfect than anybody has ever been."

END



Perry and Frances adopted Greg when he was nine months old.

Nothing is too good for the Boston fan.
—HARRY FRAZEE, new owner of the Red Sox, responding in 1916 to a report that he had offered the Washington Senators \$60,000 for Pitcher Walter Johnson.

I don't think you can trade a Fisk, a Jimmy Rice, a Fred Lynn, a Carl Yastrzemski or a Rick Burleson. When you trade key men like that, you are just defeating your own purpose.

—HAYWOOD SULLIVAN, new owner of the Red Sox, responding in 1977 to a question about his plans for the team.

At approximately 11 a.m. on April 10, Carlton Fisk arrived at Fenway Park, just as he had nine times before on Opening Day. This time, however, his 9-year-old son, Casey, had to show him the way to

the visiting team's clubhouse. Casey's father, you see, was now a member of the Chicago White Sox.

A crowd of 35,124, the Red Sox' second largest for an Opening Day, was on hand that beautiful afternoon. One of the reasons they came was curiosity: Fisk, Burleson, Lynn and Butch Hobson had been replaced by Gary (Mugsy) Allenson, Glenn Hoffman, Rick Miller and Carney Lansford. Outside on Yawkey Way, a vendor was hawking bumper stickers that read **HAYWOOD AND BUDGY ARE KILLING THE SOX**.

When Fisk was introduced, the boos took an early lead, but finally surrendered to cheers. Pudge may be No. 72 in the program but he's still No. 27 in the hearts of Boston fans. Then Ed Hoffman, the new shortstop's dad and an usher at Anaheim Stadium, showed more rage than

his son in singing the national anthem. Having declared this The Year of the Fan, the Red Sox chose waitress Eleanor (Stoney) Stone of Holyoke, Mass. to throw out the first ball. Mrs. Stone is a lifelong Red Sox supporter who remembers Jim (Rawhide) Tabor hitting a home run on the occasion of her first date with the man who became her husband of 34 years, Richard. Mrs. Stone was an appropriate choice for another reason: she brought nine children, eight grandchildren and four huskies of neighbors along with her. Although she had teasingly threatened to throw the first ball to Pudge Fisk, at the moment of truth she pegged it to Mugsy Allenson.

Mrs. Stone didn't like it when the fans booed Fisk. "I thought it was terrible," she said. But her 28-year-old daughter Debbie proudly announced. *continued*

Heroes Fred Lynn, Carlton Fisk and Rick Burleson are long gone and his team is sixth in the American League East, but Boston Manager Ralph Houk nevertheless remains a philosophic disciple of Alfred E. Neuman **by STEVE WOLF**

'WHAT-ME WORRY?'



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where quality drinks begin.

"I booed him. If those guys wanted to be here, they could still be here." In the seventh, Mugsy hit a solo homer to pad the Red Sox' lead to 2-0, and Debbie shouted, "Let Pudge eat that. He called the pitch." But when Fisk hit a dramatic three-run homer in the eighth to put the White Sox ahead, the Stones didn't know what to do, and neither did the fans. The crowd stood, but it wasn't an ovation in the traditional sense. It was more like a standing mortification.

After the game, the press mobbed Fisk in the visiting quarters, so he had to hold an impromptu press conference in a storage room. "It's always nice to beat your own team," he said. Casey unbuckled his father's shin guards. (Eight days later Fisk would beat the Red Sox again with a home run.)

Is it any wonder, then, that schizophrenia is rampant in Boston? The fans don't know whether the Sox are being unraveled or darned, they don't know if Visible Owners Haywood Sullivan and Buddy LeRoux should be pilloried or praised, and they don't know if this is 1920, the year Babe Ruth left, or 1967, the year four new guys broke into the starting lineup and began the Impossible Dream. On the one hand, the team has just lost three bona fide heroes, and with a 7-12 record at week's end, it was struggling to stay out of last place. On the other, hope springs eternal in the heart of a Red Sox fan. "We're not as bad as we've been playing lately," says Dave Mavrey, whose clear perspective on the situation comes from his vantage point in the leftfield scoreboard where he posts the inning scores. "We're going to finish with a winning record. The hitting hasn't been that bad. We just need to work a little on the pitching."

Harry Frazee was right about one thing. Nothing is too good for the Boston fan. The Yankees belong to George Steinbrenner, and the Dodgers belong to Manifest Destiny, but the Red Sox, more than any other team, belong to the fans. Not just fans in Boston and Massachusetts but fans all over New England. Sullivan, who concentrates on player personnel matters, and LeRoux, who handles the business end, sometimes forget this, and that's a bigger sin than forgetting mauling deadlines.

There are basically three types of Red Sox fans. Eleanor Stone represents the majority, who have lovingly suffered since 1918, the year of the last world

championship. Then there are the literati and intellectuals, who have made the Red Sox one of the few truly national teams. Enough maulin muck has been written in the name of *The Wall* and *Teddy Ballgame* to fill the Harvard library. And finally there are the yahoos, who aren't displeased that Boston was the last major league baseball team to integrate and has only one black player, Jim Rice, today.

"They have a real love/hate relationship with this team," says Sullivan. They always have. Frazee, the theatrical producer who sold Ruth and every other breathing player he had, was Public Enemy No. 1. Tom Yawkey was vilified at the beginning of his ownership, and before they were elevated to saint-

ford, Conn., has defected from the Red Sox to the Yankees. To its credit, the club grasped the image problem and went along with Judy Jursich, the manager of its organizing station, WSBK-TV, when she suggested they both consult an outside advertising agency, Zechman And Associates, in Chicago, of all places.

As Jan Zechman, the head of the agency, puts it, "You wouldn't want a Boston agency doing ads for the Red Sox for the same reason a doctor doesn't operate on his own children." Zechman made numerous trips to Boston, clipping newspaper stories and talking to cabdrivers, sportswriters and club officials. "We talked to a lot of fans, and found a very strong frustration, a great disgust," he says. "We knew we had to confront the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DICK BARNES



After taking the club's big stars get away, owners LeRoux and Sullivan are sitting on hot seats

hood, Williams and Yastrzemski felt the fans' wrath. In recent years Don Zimmer, who managed the team from 1976 to 1979, came to be treated like the inflatable doll he resembles; he was poked, kicked and bounced around. Upon leaving, he told Sullivan, "When I was here you had 30% of them [the boos] and I had 70%. They got to zero in on you now."

Attendance was down 400,000 last year from the year before. This year advance-ticket sales are off an additional 8%, and not even the Yankee games, which are normally SRO, are sold out yet. WWLP in Springfield has dropped its Red Sox telecasts, and WFSB in Hart-

ford, Conn., has ignored it, and had Yaz say, "Smile and come out for Jacket Day," the people would get even angrier."

The fruit of his effort is a series of bold commercials. Some are delightful; some are silly. The most serious one opens with the camera panning some baseball cards (Lynn, Fisk, Barleson, Luis Tiant, etc.) scattered on a table. Meanwhile a voice—The Voice, if you're a Red Sox fan—says, "To hear some people tell it, the Red Sox were dealt a lousy hand this season. The cards are against us, and we should just fold 'em in. Well, I'm here to tell you we've got some young guys who can play baseball on this team. All they need is the backing of their fans."

continued

True, I don't have to get out there every day [cut to, yes it's him, Ted Williams], but I think I know how it feels to have the fans behind you. So c'mon Boston, help out. These kids need your support!" [Cut to a deadpan Yastrzemski.] "Ted's right, folks. We kids need your support."

In another commercial, Sullivan's personal favorite, several pitchers are jammed into a bullpen cart, driving at Keystone Kops speed down the open road, while the voice-over says there's been enough heat on the players to make them want to run away from home. The most poignant commercial features Fenway Park organist John Kiley with five Red Sox behind him in his booth. "I've never heard such unharmonious things being said about our team. . . . These are sensitive human beings. Hit it, boys."

And with that, the players go into a moving rendition of *Feelings*. "Wo, wo, wo feelings."

I can't help it. I'm up against the wall. I need the money.

—HARRY FRAZEE, explaining in January 1920 why he had to sell Ruth

Here's a list of three players signed for over \$13 million. And I'm stupid? Go to hell!

—HAYWOOD SULLIVAN, explaining during spring training why he didn't hold on to Lynn, Burleson and Fisk

Sullivan is very sensitive, some might say paranoid. He has good reason. If he listens to the radio, he can't help but come across one of the seven carnivorous



sports talk shows in Boston. If he reads the sports section of Boston's *Herald American*, he'll find a regular feature called "Our Boys in Exile," which, under a vacuume logo, details the exploits of Messrs. Fisk, Burleson, Lynn and Hobson. As of Sunday, Fisk and Burleson were batting over .300, Lynn had five homers and 19 RBIs, and only Hobson was slumping. In recent months Sullivan has been likened to Scrooge, Lou Costello, Salas Marner, Oliver Hardy and Inspector Clouseau. He's none of the above. He's not even Harry Frazee. Yet.

Still, there are some interesting parallels. Upon taking over the club, both men enjoyed instant success. Shortly after Frazee purchased the Red Sox, they won the World Series. In Sullivan's (and LeRoux's) first year of stewardship, the Red Sox were 10 games up in July, and in August Sullivan was the hero of a *Herald American* story headlined *HOW THE SUPER TEAM WAS BUILT*. Then along came the Yankees and Bucky Dent. Sixty years before Sullivan-LeRoux, Frazee dispatched his star shortstop, Everett Scott, his star catcher, Wally Schang, and his star outfielder/pitcher, Ruth.

The Red Sox ownership made the decision last year that it couldn't afford, or wouldn't afford, to keep Burleson, Fisk and Lynn. When the owners hired Ralph Houk as manager last October, they told him that the most important third of his lineup would be changed by the 1981 season. All three players were signed in 1976 under the Basic Agreement then in effect, and all were eligible for arbitration in 1981 and free agency at the end of the season. "I thought they'd at least keep two of the three guys," says Rick Miller, Lynn's replacement and Fisk's brother-in-law. "Then after Rick and Fred were traded, I thought they'd try to at least keep Carlton."

No Opening Day dummy. Stoen threw out the first pitch to Boston's Mugny, not Chicago's Podge.





The principal difference between 'official' and 'unofficial' souvenirs is the store selling them

salary won through arbitration this year, and then losing him to free agency next year, he decided that losing once was better than losing twice. It doesn't wash, though. Fisk left and the Red Sox got nothing in return.

That Sullivan got as much as he did for Burleson and Lynn is a tribute to his baseball savvy. "Sully's a good baseball man," says Tiger General Manager Jim Campbell. "He's just a victim of circumstances, and his club is no different from the other clubs which have lost players." Sullivan has been careful to depict his stand not as a penny-pinching exercise but as a crusade against outrageous salaries. "The insanity has to stop somewhere," he says.

What do the boys in exile think of Sullivan? "I still don't know what their objective is—to win or to make money," says Lynn. "I'm sure they'll make money. I don't think they can win." Says

Renko. "Baseball is a millionaire's toy. If they can't afford to run a club the way it should be run, they should sell and get out." Says Burleson, "It's their club and they have a right to run it the way they want." When Fisk was told that Ruth's response to being sold to the Yankees was "My heart is in Boston—I have a farm in Sudbury," the catcher said, "My heart is in Boston—I have a farm in New Hampshire."

How did Haywood and Buddy get into this fine mess? Sullivan was an ordinary catcher and a decent manager who was hired by Yawkey in 1965 to be the Red Sox player personnel director. LeRoux was a Red Sox and Celtics trainer who made a lot of money massaging real estate in Winter Haven, the Red Sox Florida home. When the Yawkey estate put the team up for sale in 1977, Sullivan and LeRoux got the scratch together, with the considerable help of Mrs. Jean Yawkey, who remains an Invisible Owner. "I don't know why people are against us," says LeRoux. "Where else but in America can a former catcher and a former trainer buy a baseball team?" Harry Frazee, by the way, was a former bellhop.

Sullivan and LeRoux are nowhere nearly as strapped financially as was Frazee, who kept using the Red Sox to finance his Broadway flops. (Two years after he sold the ball club, Frazee struck it rich with *No, No, Nanette*, which featured the hit tune *Tea for Two*.) "We don't owe a single dime," says Sullivan. That isn't strictly true. The owners need a reported \$3 million a year to pay the interest on the loans they took out to buy the team. And pardon the expression, it's a whole new ball game nowadays. One baseball executive says, "It's too bad for the Red Sox, but that's the kind of time we're living in. The market of players today has become crazy. They don't have the money they had under Yawkey. Yawkey would have handled it." He might have done what the Baltimore Orioles did. Faced with much the same problem, they signed most of their stars to long-term contracts.

continued



Zechman's TV commercials helped improve the team's image, but for loyalists like Messey and Sisk Belden the Sox are so-so whatever the score

Frank Tanana, Outfielder Joe Rudi and minor league Pitcher Jim Dwyer. Rudi and Tanana are strictly temps; both are in the final year of their contracts, as are Yastrzemski. Second Baseman Jerry Remy, Outfielder Tom Poquette and Reliever Bill Campbell.

"I just couldn't make a trade for Fisk," Sullivan says. Because he mailed his contract offer to Fisk two days after the deadline, Fisk was ruled a free agent. Sullivan likes to give the impression he did that on purpose. He would have people believe that instead of paying Fisk a high





Allenson is certainly no Fisk, but then who is?



The overall impression the Red Sox owners give is that they're commanding the U.S.S. Caine—someone is always sealing the strawberries. Last year the Red Sox wasted a lot of energy in a battle with the D'Angelo brothers, who own two lucrative souvenir shops on Yawkey Way and Lansdowne Street. The team wanted the brothers to pay a licensing fee for use of the team logo. When the brothers refused, the Red Sox set up their own "official" souvenir shop on Lansdowne Street.

In the past, LeRoux and Sullivan have raised ticket prices without public announcement. The next time they're tempted to raise the prices, they should remember how much money they saved by not signing Fisk. Lynn and Burleson On Opening Day, they angered the players' wives by switching their complimentary seats behind home plate to less desirable locations.

Of the Visible Owners, Sullivan seems to be overworked. While LeRoux handles financial matters, Sullivan takes care of everything else. He sits on two important owners' committees, serves as general manager, carries a walkie-talkie for crowd control, and yet he has no assistant to tell him when contracts should be mailed. He can't do it all alone, but he tries, either out of pride or penury.

Ruth's 29 homers were more spectacular than useful, they didn't help the Red Sox get out of sixth place.

—HARRY FRAZEE

We finished in fourth place with them, we can finish in fourth place without them.

—HAYWOOD SULLIVAN

The Red Sox aren't going to win the division, that's for sure. Of the new acquisitions, only Lansford has been much help. He's a definite improvement over Hobson at third; he fields, he steals and through Sunday he was batting .306. "The minute I was traded to the Red Sox," he says, "I knew I'd have to forget about The Wall and concentrate on hitting the ball up the middle."

Hoffman has been less successful replacing Burleson. He has made some costly errors in the early going, and

through Sunday he was batting only .172. But Houk thinks he sees Marty Marion every time Hoffman goes out there, and anyway, Hoffman's heart is in the right place. Growing up in Anaheim, he was such a devout Red Sox fan that he cut out a picture of Yastrzemski's face from a poster and posted up his own, just to see what he would look like in a Boston uniform. Miller, who's in his second tour with the club, can replace Lynn as a fielder, but in nine years in the majors, he has hit only 20 homers while batting .266. Allenson started well, but as of Sunday he was batting .206.

Tanana, who's gone from being Sandy Koufax to Eddie Lopat, and Clear, who's still having trouble finding the plate, could help the pitching. But through Sunday Tanana was 0-3 with a 7.08 ERA and Clear had only one win and no saves. Campbell is supposedly recovered from arm problems, but Houk is waiting for warm weather to use him regularly. In the meantime, Campbell wears a thermometer around his neck.

The whole team has taken on a new demeanor. "The caste system is gone," says Pitcher Chuck Rainey, something of a free spirit. In the Red Sox yearbook, Rainey responded to "Person you'd most like to meet," with "the Red Sox bookkeeper." "The clubhouse is a lot looser," says Reliever Tom Burgmeier. "We really haven't had anybody to make some noise since Tiant left. Now we have guys like Tanana to rekindle the spark." As if on cue, Yastrzemski literally lights a fire under Tanana's chair.

It's up to Houk, meanwhile, to light a fire under the Red Sox, who ended last week with a seven-game losing streak. "Things were going pretty good until recently," The Major said Sunday. "Then it happened. It's just unbelievable, but it will end."

The mistake some Red Sox people are making is equating the fresh air around the clubhouse with the departure of Lynn, Fisk, Burleson and the rest. They should remember what Frazee said about Ruth. "The Boston club could no longer put up with his eccentricities. I think the Yankees are taking a gamble." As subsequent events proved, of course, the Red Sox were the ones taking the gamble, and Frazee lost it. Last week, while the current Red Sox were struggling, people were beginning to wonder if Sullivan and LeRoux had not lost their gamble, too.

Hoffman: Burleson's successor at shortstop, has had his problems in the field and at the plate.



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wonder that a special racing version of the RX-7 was the GTU manufacturer's champion in International Motor Sports Association (IMSA) competition for 1980.

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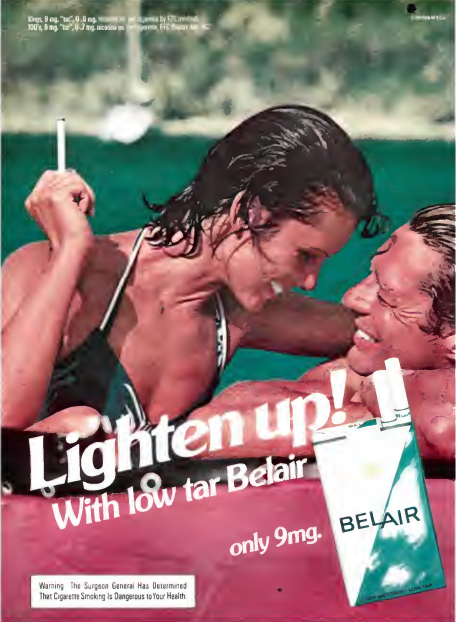
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A color photograph of a man and a woman in a swimming pool. The woman, in the foreground, has dark, wet hair and is wearing a black one-piece swimsuit. She is holding a lit cigarette in her right hand. The man is behind her, also smiling and looking towards the camera. The background shows a green lawn and some foliage.

Lighten up!

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

There was rejoicing in the National League last Saturday Baseball's Raines of Terror had ended. After stealing 27 consecutive bases over three seasons, just 11 short of the major league record, Montreal's Tim Raines was thrown out by Los Angeles Catcher Mike Scioscia trying to steal third at Olympic Stadium. From New York to San Diego pitchers and catchers embraced, second basemen and shortstops cried for joy and managers began to breathe again, albeit nervously. Raines, a 21-year-old rookie leftfielder, could begin another reign at any moment. For the time being, he leads both leagues with 20 steals in 19 games. When the Cardinals' Lou Brock set the all-time record of 118 steals in 1974, he didn't get his 20th until his 27th game.

That Raines is leading all base stealers is a feat in itself, because there are more good ones now than ever before. More impressive still, he has been one of the pivotal figures in the National League East. Inspired by his base running, the Expos have beaten the Phillies in four of six games and are just one game off the division lead. But the team that deprived the Expos of a title last season was the Dodgers, who beat them 11 of 12 games. When Montreal and L.A. met last Friday night, for the first time this year Raines singled once, walked twice, scored two runs, stole three bases, filled in for 5½ innings as an emergency second baseman and won the game 9-8 with his first major league homer, in the 13th inning. Such an all-round performance was more or less routine for Raines, who is among the league leaders in average (.373), hits (28), runs (14), walks (13) and on-base percentage (.478) as well as steals.

After losing divisional titles on the final weekends of the 1979 and 1980 seasons, the Expos suffered another apparent setback last winter when their talented but troublesome leftfielder, leadoff batter and base stealer supreme (97), Ron LeFlore, became a free agent and signed with the White Sox. Fortunately, Raines was waiting in the wings. The 1980 Minor League Player of the Year as a sec-

Raines really pours it on

Montreal's rookie leftfielder has been a one-man deluge, leading the major leagues with 20 steals in his first 19 games while batting .373 and scoring 14 runs

ond baseman at Denver, he led the American Association with a .354 average and 77 steals and scored 105 runs. The Expos thought so much of him that in spring training they installed him in leftfield and made him the lead-off hitter. They did it even though he hadn't played outfield regularly since his junior year in high school and had gone 1 for 20 at the plate in two brief stints with Montreal last summer. He also appeared in six games late in the 1979 season.

At the winter meetings some 18 clubs had asked Expo President John McHale if Raines were available; the Cubs even offered as trade bait their fine reliever,

Bruce Sutter. "If we had yielded to the temptation," says McHale, "we would have run the risk of repeating the same error the Cubs made 17 years ago, when they traded a certain Lou Brock."

Raines is one of six Expos who are allowed to run on their own. "When he's at bat he makes the infielders play shallower," says First Base Coach Steve Boros. "On base he distracts the pitcher. And he's as much of a threat to steal third as second. When he doesn't get on base there's a definite lull in our attack."

Boros deserves some of the credit for Raines' base-running success. Positioning himself a few yards up the



Raines' ability on the bases isn't limited to just stealing and scoring. Here he breaks up a double play and dodges Second Baseman Dave Lopes

first base line from the bag, Boros surveys the mound from the same angle as Raines, notes whether the pitcher signals his move home with his front leg, front shoulder or head, and records his findings in a notebook. Boros also carries a stopwatch to time pitchers' deliveries home and catchers' throws to second. "I don't time left-handers because you can't tell exactly when they go home," says Boros. "The fastest righthander I've timed is Rick Reuschel of the Cubs, who takes 1.25 seconds from the time he comes out of the set position. The fastest catcher is our own Gary Carter, who throws to second in 1.88. When Tim times everything right, leans toward second just before the pitch and gets a good jump, he reaches second in 3.2 to 3.3 seconds. So only a combination of the best pitcher and catcher can hope to get him."

Raines has stolen second base 17 times and third three times. "To steal third you have to be moving before the pitch because the catcher has a shorter throw," Raines says, "but you can take a bigger lead off second than first because the second baseman and shortstop don't guard the bag."

Raines has good natural speed—9.7 in the 100—but the key to base stealing isn't so much sprinter's speed as quickness over short distances. "A cheetah is fast," says Expo Pitcher Bill Lee. "Raines is quick." So quick that he can take the standard 15-foot lead—right foot on the artificial turf, left on the dirt at many National League parks—and beat a pickoff back to first without sliding. A stocky 5'8", 172 pounds, he reaches full speed in a couple of short steps, stays low to the ground while running and hits second with a controlled pop-up slide. Though rightfooted, Raines slides off his left foot and hits the bag with his right. "I look off leftfooted as a high school long jumper," he says. "For some reason my left foot's stronger than my right." On the rare occasions he has a bad jump, Raines goes to a quicker but more dangerous headfirst slide.

Raines is equally versatile at the plate. A natural righthanded batter, he's learned to switch-hit so well that he's more comfortable batting left-handed. Says Philie Catcher Bob Boone. "We've tried a lot of things with him and he's handled them all well." Unusually patient for a rookie, Raines has walked 13 times and struck out seven. At Denver he taped a picture of George Brett to



"Do we insure Chivas Regal?"

his locker, and their lefthanded stances are very similar—feet deep in the batter's box, weight back, bat tucked behind the shoulder and at a 45-degree angle to the ground. The results are also similar, namely, line drives to all fields. If Raines' ropes don't usually clear fences, Expo Manager Dick Williams doesn't mind. "Line drives, Tim," he said during batting practice last week. "Balls hit in the air aren't worth bleep."

In the field Ruane occasionally misjudges fly balls, but he has made some long running catches and committed only one error. "This kid can do more than LeFlore," says Williams. "He fields better, throws better, has better, runs intelligently instead of just stealing, has good instincts and gets to the park on time."

If Raines has any complaints, it's that he wants to be known for what he does, not for how he compares with others. It's a legitimate beef. Even while he was starring in four sports at Seminole High School in Sanford, Fla., a town of 23,000 20 miles northeast of Orlando, his father, Ned Raines Jr., bet a coach that Tim's older brother, Ned III, had a better shot at the majors than he did. Ned lasted two years in the Giant and Oriole farm systems. After signing with the Expos in 1977, Tim drew a second comparison, this one with his idol, Joe Mauer.

Now here's a third comparison: Like another noted speedster, the Royals' Willie Wilson, Raines was a prep football star who decided not to play the sport in college, married his high school sweet heart, learned to switch-hit in the minors, began his first full major league season in left and got good advice from people trained by the Royals. Whenever Raines is in a slump, he rereads *The Art of Hitting*, 300, a book written by Charley Lau, the current Yankee and former Royal batting coach. Boros also came out of the K.C. organization. Like Wilson, Raines is shy and likable, but confident and candid enough to discuss his skills without sounding unduly modest. Unlike Wilson, whose performance often varies with his moods, Raines is an easygoing, generally consistent performer. It's hard to rattle him. He has stolen three times on pinchouts. Early last week, when Phillie First Baseman Pete Rose played behind him and sneaked to the bag for pickoff attempts, Raines kept his eyes on the pitcher, not

back easily and twice stole second. Drilled in the ribs by one errant pickoff throw, he stole on the next pitch.

The Expos call him Rock, and he calls his 18-month-old son, Tim Jr., Little Rock. Raines deserves the title because his weight is only 7.8% body fat, the lowest on the team. At the same time, he's so loose he can do splits like a dancer. Every bit as relaxed mentally, he prepares for games by listening to soft music or taped speeches by Martin Luther King Jr. "They get me away from baseball, back to reality," he says. "Then when I come out, I'm ready to play." Ready, according to his agent, Tom Selakovich, for anything: "He's preparing for his financial future as carefully as he prepares for ballgames."

Though leftfield is baseball's easiest position, switching there from second requires considerable adaptability. Raines had to stretch out the muscles in his right arm, start throwing overhand instead of three-quarters or sidearm, and learn an unfamiliar territory. Raines is picking up the position as readily as he learned to switch-hit, and he already has an above-average arm.

"Tim is so fast he'll outrun his mistakes," says Gary Matthews, the Phillies' leftfielder. "He's got so much God-given ability that learning left shouldn't be much of a problem. You know, there's so much quickness coming into the game. Dave Collins of Cincinnati is one, Ed Miller of Atlanta is another and Graeme [Isa] is another, too."

Here we go again. Tim Raines has got himself a reputation, but he's still working on getting a name—his own.

himself. The Tiger bats produced just six hits and two runs but Rosema was looking out for himself. He held the Mariners to only two hits and no runs, and the losing streak was over. The next night the Tigers had seven doubles and six runs to hand Seattle Pitcher Mike Parnis his 15th straight loss, one shy of the major league record.

Milwaukee 14-31 scored just six runs in three games with the Blue Jays, two of them losses. The Brewers were scoreless in a 14-inning game in which they got but three hits off five Toronto pitchers, and barely won a 12-inning game 4-3. "Hitting is the least of our worries," said Manager Buck Rodgers. "It certainly wasn't in a subsequent 16-hit, 12-1 victory over California. What did worry the Brewers was losing Paul Molitor for a month because of a severely strained ankle.

In their two wins over Milwaukee, the Jays (3-4) got two-run doubles from Barry Bonnell and Ken Macha, two home runs from Lloyd Moseby and one each from Jorge Bell and Willie Upshaw, and superb pitching from Moseby.

The Red Sox (10-7), in their worst slump since 1977, were outscored 50-8 (page 38) Cleveland (3-1) didn't have to worry about its hitting because the pitching was more than adequate. Having won nine of its last 11, the Indians were in best place by 148.

Ken Singleton's bat was about the only one the Orioles (5-2) needed. He had two singles, two doubles and the winning RBI in a 5-2 defeat of Chicago, the game-winning RBI in two other wins, and, after 18 games, a .514 on-base percentage, with 54 total bases in 60 at-bats, and a .900 slugging percentage.

When Dave Winfield was in San Diego, he complained of having no players to support him. Now he's with the Yankees (5-2), a team loaded with stars. One of them hit first before the \$20 Million Man in the batting order and pays to his left in the outfield. The player is none other than his former Padre teammate, Jerry Mumphrey. Last week Mumphrey smacked Winfield 185 to 918 and had two game-winning RBIs to Winfield's none. He has three homers for the year (Winfield got his first last week), including a 10th-inning blast that beat Oakland 3-2 in the first game of a Sunday doubleheader. He got an error hit and scored a run in the second game, which the Yanks won 2-0, as he extended his hitting streak to 14 games—the Yankees' longest since Mickey Rivers' 17-game streak in 1978. And he costs George Steinbrenner just \$250,000 a year.

CLEV 10-5 NY 13-8 WA 11-8
T 9-9 DET 10-12 BOS 7-12 TOR 8-14

AL WEST Things are seldom quiet when Billy Martin is around, and last week was no exception as Billy Ball became Billy Brawl. One set-so began after Danny Ford of the Angels homered

THE WEEK

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by KATHLEEN ANDRIA

AL EAST "Hey-ya! Hey-ya! Hey-ya!" chanted Dave Rozema, waving a statue of a Polynesian war god over the Tigers' bat rack before a game against the Yankees. Pitchers can't win if batters don't give them runs, so after the Tigers (2-4) had batted 229 and scored just 13 runs while losing nine straight, the pitcher decided to try a bit of abracadabra. It didn't work. Detroit rightlander Jack Morris took the loss, 7-2. Later, on the plane to Seattle, Rozema led everyone in a traditional game-a-T-cheer. After all, he was pitching the next day.

AL WEST Things are seldom quiet when Billy Martin is around, and last week was no exception as Billy Ball became Billy Brawl. One set-so began after Danny Ford of the Angels homered

and Oakland (3-4) Catcher Mike Heath, suspecting cork, grabbed it in his box. Atypical of bench-clearers, real punches were thrown. A second confrontation took place following the game between Martin and Angels Coach Tom Morgan with Morgan ending up in a Martin headlock. When the dust had cleared the A's had their first losing week but still led defending AL champion Kansas City by 10½ games. They surpassed their entire 1979 attendance with 319,099 in 11 home dates.

The Angels (3-4) beat Oakland twice in a row, the only team to have done so this year. Ken Forsch stopped the A's 3-2 on a three-hitter despite an Oakland triple play, and Steve Renko won his first start 3-1. The Mariners (2-4) beat Minnesota 8-3 in 10 innings and Detroit 3-1 as Floyd Bannister pitched seven strong innings in the first game and won the second. Richie Zisk, hitting .386 for the year, extended his hitting streak to 15 games.

Minnesota (5-11) hadn't won two games back-to-back all season, but last week four different starters won consecutive games against Seattle and Boston. After Pete Redfern beat the Mariners 4-1, the Twins took four straight from the Red Sox, outscoring them 20-4 as Redfern picked up another win.

Arlington Stadium was The Best Little Scorehouse in Texas, and no one was enjoying it more than Manager Don Zimmer of the Rangers (5-2). Zim's hitters scored 24 runs in three games against the Sox, and the pitchers didn't allow one. The next game, against the Royals, was also a win—actually, there were 10 of them, as well as seven runs, as the Rangers beat K.C., 7-0, for the first time in Arlington Stadium since 1979. The four shutouts were one shy of the American League record. Said Zimmer, "It's the best collection of pitchers I've ever managed."

After Thursday night's loss to the Rangers, Kansas City (2-2) Manager Jim Frey closed the clubhouse for 15 minutes and held a royal frying. His players had blamed their 3-9 start on too many rainouts. "Hell, it's been raining in April since the beginning of time and for 100 years in baseball," said the usually mild-mannered Frey, who thought his talk had "a little pop to it." He was right. The next night Larry Gura shut out the Rangers 4-0 as George Brett, still then batting .208, went 4 for 5 to raise his average .50 points, and Amos Otis, who was batting .152, had two hits and drove in two runs. On Saturday the team got 10 hits and Dennis Leonard pricked his first complete game of the season, winning 7-2 on a five-hitter.

The White Sox (2-5) were hurting. Starters Carlton Fisk, Ron LeFlore and Jim Morrison were hobbled with leg injuries, and despite dazzling fielding by Second Baseman Tony Bernazard, they lost five games after winning six in a row.

NL WEST "Long ball, long ball. Who would've believed it?" said Manager Bobby Cox of Atlanta (2-4) after the Astros (5-11) had swept the Braves in three games and outscored them 5-2 in their own ball park. "We stopped their running game, and now this," lamented Cox. "We're outscoring our opposition all to hell," said Astro Manager Bill Virdon of his normally light-hitting Astros. The Astros had 15 homers to their opponents' five. Craig Reynolds and Jose Cruz each hit three last week, while Denny Walling contributed two. In Pittsburgh, Houston won two of three.

Hordes of reporters searched for El Incredibile before the game, but the Dodger pitcher was nowhere to be found. Fernando Valenzuela was taking a nap. He arose, and in less than three hours had his fourth shutout—5-0 over San Francisco. He also hit three singles and got the game-winning RBI in his second straight start, while dropping his ERA to 0.20 and upping his batting average to .438. On Sunday, against Montreal, he won No. 6, but allowed a run and batted only nine innings in the team's 6-1, 10-inning victory. Deadpanned one TV commentator, "The Dodgers will have to put him in the bullpen until he works out his problems."

The Giants (3-3) won the other two games with the Dodgers, the first time since 1976 that they had taken a series in L.A. and the first time this year that the Dodgers had lost two in a row. Outfielder Bill North knows why the tables turned. The "new guys" don't have that "Dodger fear." One of them, Pitcher Allen Ruple, a Red Sox reject, retired the first 13 batters he faced and allowed only three hits, winning 6-1.

After losing three to the Reds, the Padres (2-5) found a team nearer their own size, splitting a four-game series with the Mets. In the Reds' sweep, Dave Concepcion hit .778, with two home runs, and batted an eight runs to take the league lead with 23 RBIs. But against the Cardinals, Concepcion lost 7-6, 7-3 and 5-4. Bob Shirley continued his mastery of the Reds, beating them for the second time in two weeks and for the 12th time in his career. He has defeated no other team more than six times. "I don't know what it is with the Reds," said Shirley. "I don't like them. Maybe it's their low socks."

LA 16-6 CIN 11-10 ATL 11-11
SF 10-14 HOUS 9-13 SD 8-16

NL EAST Cubs Pitcher Mike Krukow asked, "What is this—the World Series?" as dozens of reporters crowded into Manager Joe Amalfitano's office following a game. No, it wasn't the World Series, but the Cubs (2-2) had just won, for only the second time this season. After 12 consecutive defeats, they had beaten St. Louis 6-1 to end the Cardinals' eight-game winning streak and avoid tying the

Cubs' 1944 record for consecutive losses. "We might be 2-13 said Krukow, "but this year it's fun to come to the ball park. Adversity is bringing us together."

Adversity had a different effect on the Cardinals last year, it drove them apart. This year, says Outfielder Tim Landerum, the clubhouse has "a certain electricity. The players are talking about baseball before a game and they're talking about baseball after a game." Enthusiasm comes easy when a team is winning, which the Cardinals (3-11) have been doing. St. Louis is in first place thanks in part to ex-Cub Bruce Sutter, who picked up his fifth save, and Third Baseman Ken Oberkfell, who drove in five runs on five hits in two of three wins over Cincinnati.

"When I went down to warm up, I was excited," Pitcher Steve Carlton told Philie broadcaster Richie Ashburn. "I really wanted to strike out three guys." It took him just four minutes in the first inning—Expos Tim Lincecum, Jerry Manuel and Tim Lincecum went down in order—and Carlton became the first left-hander—and with pitcher—in major league history to strike out 3,000. He got six more strikeouts—plus two hits and two RBIs—for his fourth win of the season as the Phils (4-2) took two of three from Montreal (2-4). In a 3-1 Philie win Dick Ruthven held the Expos to just four hits on 97 pitches.

The Pirates (4-2) came into New York batting .211, having scored but 30 runs in 10 games. In three victories over the Mets they got 25 runs on 38 hits, including five doubles, six triples and three homers, to raise the team average to .239. Pirate pitchers held the

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

KEN SINGLETON: The Orioles' rightfielder had nine hits, including two homers, two doubles and six RBIs—two of them game-winners—as Baltimore won five. His .433 batting average is the highest in either league.

Mets to just four runs in 27 innings to lower their ERA to 2.76.

It looked as if the Mets' (1-4) magic was gone. On Monday, Pitcher Craig Swan went on the disabled list with a fractured rib. The injury occurred the day before when Catcher Ron Hodges hit Swan while attempting to throw out a base stealer. "We played terrible," said Manager Joe Torre in understatement. Too true. His players had made 22 errors in 15 games. They snapped a seven-game losing streak on Saturday by beating San Diego 6-2, but then lost the first game of a doubleheader on Sunday on yet another two errors by Dave Kingman.

STL 12-3 MONT 13-6 PHIL 16-7
PIT 6-8 NY 6-12 CH3-15

OKA 20-5 CIN 12-8 TEX 11-9 CAL 11-13
MIN 9-12 KC 6-11 SEA 6-16



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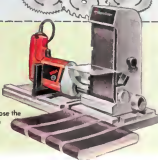
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It might be going too far to say that water polo finally arrived in the U.S. last week when the FINA World Water Polo Cup was played on the campus of California State University at Long Beach. After all, it's still possible to go into a longshoremen's bar, order a champagne cocktail, and not get into a fistfight over who's the best water polo goalie in the world. But Americans attending the eight-team event did get a good taste of the kind of world-class competition they will be seeing at the 1984 Summer Olympics in Los Angeles. And while U.S. fans were discovering the finer points of the game, the Soviet team burst a few bourgeois bubbles by going 6-0-1 against the best teams in the world to win the Cup.

The Soviets had won the Olympic gold medal in Moscow last year, but the U.S. would have gone into the Games ranked second in the world had it not been for the boycott. "We wanted to do in Moscow what our hockey team had done in Lake Placid," said U.S. Coach Monte Nitzkowski. "And we had a lot of kids who believed they could. We'd beaten the Russians at the first FINA Cup in 1979. The kids had their hearts cut out by the boycott."

Nitzkowski considered the FINA Cup "a chance to re-establish our credibility internationally," but he was also realistic enough to realize that with four players from the Olympic squad having retired, the U.S. would have its hands full just finishing in the top three. The Soviets and the Yugoslavs, the silver medalists at the Moscow Olympics, were bringing their teams to Long Beach essentially intact. The U.S.S.R. team, in particular, seemed eager to prove itself against the boycotters.

The Americans, too, were eager for a showdown, perhaps a trifle too eager. They didn't have long to wait. The match with the Soviets fell on the second day of the week-long round-robin competition, with both teams coming off impressive tune-up wins the previous day. "We've wanted almost two years to play these people again. Now we've got them on our home turf," said Nitzkowski, mixing his imagery.



Yugoslav Goalie Miroslav Krivokapic was able to block enough American shots to salvage a 7-7 tie.

The Soviets had the ponies

After missing the Moscow Olympics, the U.S. had hopes of beating the U.S.S.R., the 1980 gold medalists, in the FINA World Cup. But the Soviets had other plans

Nitzkowski had coached three U.S. Olympic water polo teams, leading the Americans to their first medal in the sport in 40 years, a bronze at Munich, in 1972. He has had to overcome all the usual obstacles in amateur team sports, among them having his entire team together only on weekends. "We can't train together like most of the other great international teams," Nitzkowski said, "so we've had to develop a strong tactical game. We try to take what is really our only advantage—all of our kids are good swimmers so we have a lot of team speed—and use a mobile, attacking game, with some pressing defenses that come right out of basketball. We try to go for it, as I believe the kids would say."

The U.S. certainly went for it against

the Soviets, with results that were at first exhilarating and, finally, ruinous. A water polo game is played over four seven-minute periods, and the U.S. had built a 3-1 advantage going into the third quarter. The American defense had held the U.S.S.R. to a single goal for more than 16 minutes, but in the third period the Soviets punched in four and forged a 5-4 lead. Then Kevin Robertson, the leading American scorer in the tournament with 19 goals, drilled in his fourth of the game with only two seconds remaining in the quarter, and the score was tied 5-5.

The key moments in most water polo matches occur when players are serving 45-second penalties, usually for being too aggressive on defense, leaving their teams

continued

temporarily shorthanded. What happens isn't unlike the power play in hockey, the only difference being that water polo has a 35-second shot clock that prevents a lot of stalling. With just under 2½ minutes remaining in the last quarter, the Americans were down a man and frantically trying to eat up time on the shot clock, when Drew McDonald turned and fired at Soviet Goalie Evgeny Sharonov. This caught McDonald's teammates by surprise, and before they could recover, Aleksandr Tretjakov had swum the length of the 30-meter pool and dumped the ball past U.S. Goalie Steve Hamann. The Soviets escaped with a 6-5 win in what was easily the most emotional game of the week. "I sure hurt to see the Russians knowing each other when the game was over," said U.S. Hole Man Terry Schroeder.

Just about the only thing the Soviets hadn't done to Schroeder during the game was kiss him, unless you count the Russian defender whose teeth left Schroeder with a puncture wound all the way to the wristbone. The hole man is the linchpin in water polo's six-man offensive formation, much like the pivot-man in basketball. He sets himself directly in front of the opponent's goal, and usually gets all hell beat out of him. This is strange, of course, the rules of water polo stating quite clearly that the play-

ers are almost never to touch each other. And yet there is hardly ever a time during play when a hole man doesn't have a defensive man with a foot in his trunks, an arm around his neck, and a finger in his ear. The players wear more than one swimsuit because the outer one is sometimes torn off. Water polo is the only sport in which a defensive player can literally undress his man.

"There's a lot that goes on under water that no one can see," Schroeder says. "I actually like it when my man has hold of my suit because at least I know where he is." The single exception to that rule of thumb, according to Schroeder, is a Hungarian defensive whiz named Gabor Csapo. The last time the two met was at the 1979 FINA Cup games, and it was there that Csapo (pronounced choppi) repeatedly grabbed Schroeder in what one local paper last week described as "a sensitive area." Schroeder will never forget the game. "He wasn't just grabbing my suit," Schroeder says. "he was going for stuff that was connected to my body."

Water polo players are vulnerable to that sort of thing because they spend much of their energy swimming for an hour, almost without stopping. It's against the rules to touch bottom, but the players do more than merely tread water. Using an alternating breaststroke kick called an "eggbeater," water poloists are able to rise up out of the water and, for a period of seconds, at least, "stand" hip-high to the surface. Using only one hand, they pass the ball deftly around the offensive perimeter, leaping occasionally like big game fish. Most shots must penetrate a thicket of arms and a goalie whose coverage of the net is nearly total. It's a small target—three meters wide and less than a meter high—but the best players can pump the ball in at almost 50 mph.

Perhaps the greatest of all the players in Long Beach last week was Tamas Farago, 29, of Hungary. The 6' 4", 225-pound Farago is a snappish figure out of the water, with a mane of brown hair and a gold earring in his left ear. He has led his national team to medals in the last three Olympics and has been the dominant player in the sport for almost a decade. Recently he expressed anger at the way Hungarian bureaucrats ran the team. "Sometimes I feel that I am a circus lion who jumps through the fire," says Farago. "After the lion jumps, he gets a little bit of meat. Sometimes I want to finish

with water polo—I don't want to just keep jumping through the fire."

Farago finished the tournament with 20 goals, six last Friday against Bulgaria, the third-best individual record in the tournament. His performance, however, wasn't enough to prevent Hungary from finishing a disappointing sixth (3-4-0).

The U.S. team never did fully recover from the early loss to the Soviets. After handling Australia 9-5, the Americans tied Spain 4-4, and then lost to Cuba 10-9 on Thursday night. The U.S. hadn't lost to Cuba in water polo since 1977, and Nitzkowski said later that the defeat by the Soviets had really "haunted" his team.

The Soviets proved they were human when Spain hung a 5-5 tie on them Friday afternoon. But given that small opening, the Americans again were unable to make up ground, leading through most of their game with Yugoslavia before being deadlocked 7-7. It was a game in which the U.S. got almost no breaks from the officials, always a critical factor in determining the outcome of games at the international level.

The U.S. finished Cup play in fourth place, behind the Soviet Union, Yugoslavia and Cuba, and if the Americans weren't exactly buoyant about their performance, there was hope that with seasoning and perhaps the return of a couple of retirees, 1984 could be a completely different story. Farago wasn't so sure. "On the American team," Farago said, "when a player becomes very good, he suddenly quits. The key is to stay together for a long time. The Americans always have the best athletes, but in 1984 how many of these players will still be together?"

And the Soviets? "They are the best," said Farago. "The Russians get a lot of good players, but only one or two of world class. Still, on a given day, if you took five players off this Russian team and put in another five, they would be just as good."

Sure enough, at the end of the tournament the Soviets didn't have a single player among the top nine scorers, but they had five with six or more goals. It was a commanding performance by a remarkably balanced team, and a clear warning to the Americans that they'd better be on their toes in 1984 when international water polo once again returns to, as Nitzkowski would say, the U.S.'s home turf.



Terry Schroeder was alert for submarine war

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This was no comedy act

The defending Stanley Cup champion Islanders went into the playoffs feeling like Rodney Dangerfield's, but left no one scoffing in Toronto, Edmonton or the Garden

At least they know they won last year's NHL championship. After all, it says so right there on the Stanley Cup. See NEW YORK ISLANDERS, 1980. Still, as the Isles leapfrogged around the continent from October to April en route to their second regular-season title in three years, a number of their best and brightest players were wondering—did anyone else know?

For example, there was the night in March when Montreal's Bob Gurney, the league's best defensive forward, told reporters that the Canadiens, St. Louis Blues and Philadelphia Flyers were the three best teams in the NHL. The Is-

landers? Not a mention. But the Islanders heard him. And remembered "Someone should ask Mr. Bob Gurney. Mr. Defense, which team is best in the league now." New York Left Wing Clark Gillies said with some glee after Edmonton eliminated the Canadiens from the 1981 playoffs with a three-game preliminary-round sweep.

But Gurney's oversight served only as more evidence of what the Islanders suspected. "As a team, I don't think we ever received the respect we earned from winning the Stanley Cup," says Right Wing Mike Bossy, who scored 68 goals this season. "Last year, 'choke' was the word that

followed us around," says team captain Denis Potvin, reflecting on the fact that the Islanders had scored 116 points in winning the 1978-79 regular-season title and then were beaten in six games by the N.Y. Rangers in the Stanley Cup semifinal round. "After we won the Cup in '80, the word was 'fluke.' We're going to prove to those people who doubted us all along that we're a damn good team. We're going to force people to give us that respect."

Dennis, Mike, Clark, meet new believer Barry Beck. Beck is the defenseman who led the Rangers—13th place in the regular-season standings—to lopsided upsets over fourth-place Los Angeles and second-place St. Louis in the first two rounds of the come-one, come-all playoffs. Those triumphs set up the second semifinal battle for New York showdown between the Islanders and Rangers in three years, which opened last week on the Isles' ice. Despite having finished 36 points behind the Islanders (110-74), the Rangers were confident they would be the team to advance to the finals, they remembered '79, and the Islanders hadn't beaten them in Madison Square Garden since then. But by late last Saturday night, the Rangers' confidence had been shattered. After two lopsided defeats in the Nassau Coliseum, the Rangers succumbed at last on home ice. That 5-1 rout gave the Islanders a commanding 3-0 lead in the best-of-seven series. "The Islanders are the best team I've ever played against," said Beck.

The Isles' general manager, Bill Torrey, believes his team may have brought upon itself some of the lack of respect it encountered this season. "We should have won the league championship by a wide margin, and when we didn't, that gave people the room they needed to question us," he says. Indeed, the Islanders had trailed St. Louis by seven points with four weeks remaining in the 80-game regular season before reeling off a finishing 12-1-4 kick that earned them the title by three points.

Last year the Islanders had been mired in the middle of the league in mid-March, before closing 8-0-4 and going on to win



The Islanders' power play, led by Potvin (left), Bossy (center) and Traister (right), routed the Rangers

the Cup. The catalyst in that surge had been a Torrey-negotiated deal at the trade deadline. The Islanders got Center Butch Goring from Los Angeles for Defenseman Dave Lewis and Right Wing Billy Harris.

This year another Torrey trade on the March 10 deadline may have provided a similar spark. Torrey had been fretting over the inability of his sometimes plodding defense to move the puck out of its own zone, and over its susceptibility to heavy forechecking pressure. Also, he feared the consequences of injuries to the point men on his record-setting power-play unit. Potvin and Stefan Persson—the Islanders scored a record 93 goals on power plays this year. So Torrey dealt popular Goaltender Glenn (Chico) Resch and Center Steve Tambellini to Colorado for 24-year-old Defenseman Mike McEwen. The trade was questioned at the time. Billy Smith, who had shared goaltending duties with Resch, wasn't having a particularly good season; McEwen was prone to taking reckless gambles. His style seemed at odds with Islander Coach Al Arbour's conservative philosophy.

Though McEwen had problems adjusting to his new coach and team, he became more confident with each game. And when a puck broke Persson's jaw in the fourth game of the quarterfinal series against Edmonton, Torrey's move was more than justified. With McEwen, Potvin and Persson alternating on point, the Islanders scored 24 power-play goals in 12 playoff games, one shy of their own Cup record set in 1980.

The Islanders opened defense of their Cup by sweeping the 16th-place Toronto Maple Leafs in three games, outscoring them 20-4. But after the concurrent Montreal-Edmonton series, Oiler Center Wayne Gretzky said his club had beaten "the greatest team in hockey." He meant that in the historical sense, but the Islanders took it as yet another slight. Still, the quarterfinals lasted six games, with Edmonton giving the champions all they could handle. "Hey, it wasn't us being bad," says Right Wing Bob Nystrom. "It was them being good. But I'm glad we had a tough series: it helped prepare us for the Rangers."

At least one Ranger also was aware of the danger of using 1979's playoff upset as a barometer of this year's series. "It bugs me," said Left Wing Don Maloney. "If anyone would look at the teams,

they'd know it wasn't the same." Indeed, only nine current uninjured Islanders and six current uninjured Rangers had been on hand in '79.

It became clear just how different the Islanders were when the series opened at Nassau Coliseum. Trailing 1-0 after the first period, the champions thereafter wore down the challengers physically, winning nearly every battle in the corners and along the boards en route to a 5-2 victory.

In Game 2 the Rangers stormed to a 3-1 lead, but, eight minutes into the second period, Goaltender Steve Baker fanned on Goring's shorthanded slap shot from 45 feet. That made it 3-2, and opened the floodgates. Bossy scored a power-play goal—on a McEwen feed—just 130 seconds later to tie the game, and Goring popped home a rebound 143 seconds after that to put the Isles ahead. They went on to win 7-3.

But the Rangers had some shreds of hope as the series moved to Broadway. They had won five straight at home in the playoffs. "We're homers," said Baker. Said G.M.-Coach Craig Patrick, "Our building will turn things around."

Instead, the Islanders turned up the heat even more. Again the Islanders roughhoused the Rangers—legally. The Isles spent a total of only 26 minutes in the penalty box in three games, the Rangers 45. The Islanders' forechecking and back-checking resembled putters come to life off Arbour's blackboard. By the middle of the second period the Garden fans, who had greeted their team with a two-minute ovation and the Islanders with a bucketful of dead fish and a variety of scatalogical chants, had been stunned into silence.

"The best they've ever played against us," said Right Wing Dean Talafous. Said Defenseman Tom Laidlaw, "They took us apart step by step."

"We were really psyched, but we were calm," said Bossy. "It's the best attitude we've ever had coming to play here." With his goal Saturday night, Bossy had 11 for the playoffs to go with the 68 during the regular season. That left him one shy of Flyer Reggie Leach's season-plus-playoff record of 80 goals, set in 1975-76 (61 season, 19 playoffs). Bossy was aware of the record. "If I get it, though, I know what will happen," he said. "People will say, 'So what, he should have gotten it in the regular season.' What's a guy got to do to get respect?"

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Akins beats out Mehler's 5th for the big league Indianapolis Symphony

Boerner had thought about it and grounded into an inning-ending double play. But this time Akins is quiet—until Boerner's shot into left has Akins waving home both runners for the ISO Metrics' first win of the season.

Akins, 37, knows silence is best if that's what the score calls for. It's a talent developed not just behind a set of kettle drums but over seven seasons spent enlivening radio broadcasts of the Indianapolis Indians' home games. Except for evenings when symphony concerts demand his presence, Akins is at Bush Stadium taking pregame notes, doing seven innings of color commentary, relieving sidekick Howard Kellman for two innings of play-by-play, inter-

viewing a star of the game and reading scores of other games from the dugout steps—usually by flashlight after the park is dark.

"I'm in a 'Got my cake and can eat it, too' situation," he says. "I'm playing major league music and announcing Triple A baseball, according to my schedule. The only thing that would be better would be to move to the majors in broadcasting. I think I could do it, but there aren't many jobs and there are a lot of good broadcasters."

When Akins joined the ISO in 1965 he discovered that Max Schumacher, the son of the orchestra's contrabassist, was president and general manager of the Indians. Eventually he teamed with the younger Schumacher to arrange pregame promotions featuring the ISO in concert and the ISO Metrics in action. But Akins' moonlighting sonata didn't begin until 1975, when the Indians, a Reds affiliate, lost half of their two-station network and couldn't afford to keep Kellman. "I told the ball club, 'Let me make a demonstration tape and if you like it, let me be your home broadcaster,'" Akins says. "The station would provide its own broadcaster for games where there was a symphony conflict. They liked the tape, and so did the station." The next year the American Association team added another station, rehired Kellman and kept Akins as color man.

"I'm so fortunate to be able to work with him," says Kellman. "It's his avocation, but he has such a professional attitude. There are pros who don't take it as seriously as he does." During a two-week tour of Florida with the orchestra in March, for instance, Akins visited 11 spring training camps, conducting interviews and gathering background information, while donning tails for seven performances.

In the same dreamy way young boys want to become firemen or railroad engineers, Akins grew up in Roanoke, Va., wanting to become a baseball broadcaster. But he picked up the drumsticks at 13 and wound up in a profession in which the odds against making it are just as long. There's another similarity between per-



Akins also covers Indy's minor league team

He's a different drummer

Tympanist Tom Akins is in his seventh season of broadcasting baseball games

Drum roll, please. Tom (Willie Mays) Akins, principal tympanist for the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra and manager-first baseman of the orchestra's softball team, is pacing nervously in the coaching box at third. His ISO Metrics are trailing the Butler University Band 16-15 in the bottom of the seventh, last ups, and there are two on and two out as Rightfielder-Double Bassman Bud Boerner steps in.

The last time the struggling Boerner took his turn, Akins had shouted, "Bud, you're due, but don't think about it."

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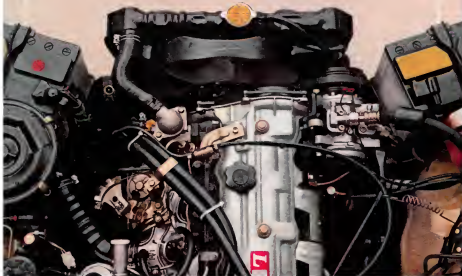
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cussionists and broadcasters. "Percussionists tend to be solistic by nature," says Akana, who attended the University of Cincinnati's music school on a scholarship. "It's very hard to hide a sound or recall it if you make a mistake. It allows you to build your confidence because you do your thing in front of people."

An uncle who had once been a semi-pro pitcher introduced him to baseball during the early 1950s, and *The Mutual Game of the Day* with Al Heifer and trips to the local grocery for gum cards sustained his interest. Akins remains an avid collector. Among his 200,000 cards, stowed in fireproof files next to the marimba, conga and tympani in his studio, are arcana known to serious hobbyists as B-18 blankets. They're flannel squares adorned with players' likenesses that your mother, rather than throwing them out, would probably find useful as cocktail coasters. "The pride of the house," Akins calls them, though his wife, Alice, and their boys, Danny, 13, and Kenny, 11, make strong claims to that title.

Akins also has two cats and time for church most Sunday mornings. His low-key announcing style suggests as much. "[Reds broadcaster] Marty Brennaman's is a style I like," says Akins, referring like so many baseball people in Indianapolis, half wistfully, half admiringly to anything associated with the parent club. "It's relaxed and conversational. He sounds like the kind of person people want to meet, even without knowing him, they're sure they'll like him."

Despite all the concerts, rehearsals and ball games, Atkins finds time to teach percussion in his home and at DePauw University, help coach Kenny's Little League team, direct and play in a percussion ensemble called Sonic Boom, stage Indy's annual card show, perform on commercial jingles, produce and market an annual set of Indiana baseball cards and host *Symphony Backstage*, a biweekly TV show focusing on the activities of the ISO. Five years ago he even staged "Sports Night at the Symphony," featuring ex-Bengal Lineman Mike Reid on piano, Mariner Manager Muffy Wills on harjo and the ISO under the baton of former Pacer Guard Billy Keller.

Akins may yet find his way to the bigs this season, if he can firm up a date to play in Riverfront Stadium—play softball, that is, with the ISO Metrics. The opponent: the archival Cincinnati Symphony Fantastiques.

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THE THREE-SPORT MAN: HAIL AND FAREWELL

Dan Jones of Lewis and Clark College survives as perhaps the last of a glorious species—collegiate athletes who play football, basketball and baseball—because of his diverse talents and his school's insistence that participation, not specialization, is the essence of sport

by KENNY MOORE

*I had a dove, and the sweet dove died;
And I have thought it died of
grieving.*

*O, what could it grieve for? Its feet
were tied*

*With a sifken thread of my own
hand's weaving.*

—JOHN KEATS

Once we extinguished species with forthright zeal, as in the slaughter of the passenger pigeons. It being impossible to imagine their clouds ending, we kept blazing away right up to their unexpected extirpation. These days, however, species are not endangered by such direct assault, but by alteration of their environments. Sometimes change can beget change so subtly that it's hard to know the consequences of even the best-intentioned acts. A tree is cut, a hillside erodes, a stream is filled, a habitat is gone.

And so, too, it is for men. It seems clear now that an environmental shift has all but finished off a revered family of

sporting creatures, athletes who were once the glory of American seasons, the college three-sport men. Perhaps they were never numerous enough to be considered a breed. Rather, they were splendid mutations, inordinately gifted with the facility for acquiring athletic skills, with the prodigious energy necessary to race from one sport to another and with a love of incessant testing that struck deep chords in observers. Looking back, it seems that their names have come to stand for the nation's sense of its own raw talent and versatility. Jim Thorpe (football, baseball and track at Carlisle), Jackie Robinson (football, basketball and baseball at UCLA), Jim Brown (football, basketball and lacrosse at Syracuse). Robinson and Brown added a fourth sport, earning enough points in spot appearances in track meets to letter in that sport also. Robinson, in fact, was the NCAA long-jump champion in 1940. One would have thought them the most adaptable of men, not the least.

But they are almost gone. A SPORTS ILLUSTRATED survey turned up just one at an NCAA Division I college, Peter Lav-

ery of Dartmouth, a sophomore who competes in football, hockey and baseball. Is he the last Division I three-sport athlete? And, if so, who served in the last rank with him?

In small colleges this year, SI's survey found a scant few three-sport men and only two who play the hallowed trinity of football, basketball and baseball. Scott Boone is a wide receiver in football, a guard in basketball and a centerfielder at Wabash College in Crawfordsville, Ind. Dan Jones of Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Ore., is a wide receiver, guard and third baseman. Boone is a senior and thus, in a few weeks, Jones may well become the last football-basketball-baseball three-sport man in the country. A close look seems in order, both at a necessarily special man and at the school that has sustained him while other institutions have allowed, or forced, his kind to expire.

Here was Dan Jones a year ago, taking batting practice indoors, standing at one end of a hazy, green tunnel of netting. He was—and is—6' 1½", 195 and slight-

A 1979 NAIA honorable mention All-American, Jones is a double threat in football, having kicked four field goals and caught 18 TD passes, including the one at right.



ly bowlegged. He took a big stride as he swung, the bat coming around level. The sound of contact was remarkably sharp, almost the cold, percussive rattle of a chisel striking stone. Jones had swung at 25 pitches. This was the 24th he had hit solidly. It was his first day of baseball practice his sophomore year.

"Other multiple-sport athletes I have known," said Mickey Hergert, his baseball coach then, "tend to say that they're tired from basketball, that they need time to get ready. But Dan doesn't need to detach himself from one to prepare for another."

Indeed, his last basketball game had been the Friday before.

Fielding at third base, Jones trotted kind of ploddingly between plays, but when he went after the ball, his movements became quick and sure. In his freshman year he was the All-Northwest Conference third baseman and hit .388, driving in 21 runs in 18 games. As a sophomore he played the outfield, perusing himself a generalist even within sports, hit .371 and received NAIA All-American honorable mention. The full term of that year he attained a perfect 4.0 grade-

point average in physical science, statistics and speech classes. Jones is majoring in business communications, the sort of combined curriculum that Lewis and Clark, a private liberal-arts college of 3,100 students, takes pride in tailoring to the needs of the individual.

It happens that Hergert played baseball, football and basketball at Jefferson High in Portland with Terry Baker, Oregon State's 1962 Heisman Trophy winner, who also played superlative basketball and baseball, and thus was the state's last great major-college three-sport man, although after his freshman year at Oregon State Baker played only basketball and football. "Jones is faster and stronger than Terry was," says Hergert. "And, like Terry, he has the instinct to do the right thing at the right time. I think he'll be a pro draftee in both foot-

Continued



A sharp eye has helped Jones, who plays guard, hit 51% of his field-goal attempts in basketball and hit .384 in baseball in which he performs both at third base and in the outfield.



ball and baseball by the time he's out of here."

Jones' football credentials include 107 receptions for 2,045 yards and 18 touchdowns in his first three seasons. In 1979 he earned NAIA All-America honorable mention. He has also successfully kicked 29 of 35 extra-point tries and four short-range field goals.

In basketball he scored 15.3 points a game in the 1980-81 season and has a 51% field-goal shooting percentage for his college career.

Jones' nose angles slightly off to an observer's right, even though his clear blue eyes look straight ahead. As recently as last spring, when he was 19, he had an almost delicate mobility to his features,

augmented by a fluffy shock of sandy hair but that is fading. "His main flaw then was that of showing his emotions when he played," says Hergert. "When he made a mistake, he let his frustration affect him." Now, as Jones gets his feelings under control, his face is taking on a more impressive firmness. The eyes remain transparent, however, curious and intent.

"I like action, always action," he says while walking across the thickly wooded Lewis and Clark campus. "I came here because they'd let me play both baseball and football. Everyone told me it was impossible to fit basketball in. But I played with the varsity during Christmas break

my freshman year and held my own. Fred Wilson, the football coach and athletic director, said, 'Heck, give it a try.'"

Jones paces the 35-room, slate-roof mansion that forms the core of Lewis and Clark's 130 acres. "I've always been mildly defensive when I've been kidded about being a jock," he continues. "I love sport, but school is what I'm here for. It took a while to come to that. I got a 2.3 for winter term my freshman year, and I became a student that year. Now I understand school as sport. It's an event, a competition with myself." Such a remark, he is told, says a lot about his concept of competition.



From "to class and playin'" and on some pizza are as much a part of Jones' life at Lewis and Clark as truckin' off to a baseball practice.



"Yeah, but different sports call for different frames of mind. In school I don't really compete. I mean I learn as much as I can and let beating the rest of them come as it will."

It seems strange to learn that Jones, as devoted to multiplicity as he is, already has had to abandon at least one calling, specifically a sport he loves more than any he now plays, "Hockey," he says. "I wish I hadn't given it up." He played it from age nine through his junior year of high school, not on an interscholastic team but in the Portland Amateur Hockey Association. By his senior year, he had been identified by NHL scouts as a solid pro prospect. "I don't regret coming to college," says Jones, "but I'll never know what might have happened if I'd continued hockey." He holds

continued



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Lewis and Clark, with its densely forested campus and its stately mansions, suits Jones just fine.

his hands spread before him, palms down, looking at them as if out of each linger a different future runs.

Until recently Jones lived, as most Lewises and Clarks underclassmen do, in a dormitory. He had a corner room in a suite in Forest Hall, from the window could be seen Mt. Hood to the east and, farther north, Mt. Saint Helens. He shared the lodgings with three others, and the room was densely strewn with ski poles, stereo equipment, beer steins, forest-service road signs and a wandering

few plant. Clearly, having once rejected specialization, Jones was resisting all further suggestions of it.

"I've been told that there will come a time when I'll have to make a choice," he says, with no resignation in his voice. "If so, then I'll choose. And if I fail at that one, then I'll choose again. But I'm not in school for that. I'm here to learn and to take life as it comes for a while."

Different sports, he'd said, call for different frames of mind. "A football game is the most intensely exciting for me. You

build up all week for a single game, while in baseball or basketball you play all the time. Also football demands a clearer head. You're using called plays, each with an exact number of steps and moves, so it takes more discipline than basketball where the thing is flow and reacting to developments. Baseball is relaxing. You hit and field and have a good time."

Oddly, considering Jones' addiction to and adeptness at football, he didn't play the game until his senior year at Marshall High in Portland. "I did soccer and hockey until then," he says. He also was a member of the National Honor Society, was senior class president and, after baseball season was over his final year, entered the 100-meter dash in the city meet. "I got second in my heat at 11.2, but then"—the memory produces a rueful wince—"I got disqualified for two false starts in the trials. But I don't know if I would've gone to the state meet even if I'd qualified. My prom was the same weekend and I'd made promises."

As all of that implies, Jones is a social creature, happiest when he is living up to his half of a bargain. "The wide receiver is a clutch player in football," he says. "I like the pressure of being depended upon." In the third game of his sophomore season, he caught a decisive touchdown pass with five seconds to go. Yet his feeling on seeing the ball in the air, "knowing if it touched my hands I wasn't going to drop it," didn't stem from overweening confidence. "More from experience," he says. "In baseball I didn't know if I could play at this level. Confidence came from performance, from teammates, from coaching support." Wish that support he has but 100 points better with men on base.

"Looking back, I can see how my sports have strengthened my willingness to take a chance," Jones adds. "I questioned my ability even at coming here. I would've been scared to death to walk on at Oregon or Oregon State."

Jones has now left the dorm and moved to an apartment he shares with roommates Jeff Erdman and Don Ulrich, and Jeff Namhie, a former football and baseball teammate who is now an apprentice fireman. As the junior resident of the apartment, Jones was assigned an old utility closet as his bedroom. It contains enough space for his twin bed and nothing else. "My dungeon," he calls it.

continued



The Joneses—Dan, Robe, Kristin, Dorothy, Matthew and Bart—warm the bench in their back yard.

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"The thing you have to understand about Jones," says Erdman, a safety and outfielder, "is that he's not some alien put down here to embarrass the rest of us. He has his flaws."

"Like what?" says Jones in mock astonishment.

"Well, he's absolutely hopeless at picking up girls."

Jones sputters in dismay, but it's hard to tell if he disagrees with Erdman or is just agonizing over this vital failing. Finally he says, "That's an interesting thing to hear from someone who can never remember to keep his towel on in the coed training room."

Ulrich, a fireplug defensive back who also plays baseball, agrees with Jones that the Lewis and Clark ethos is good for growing multi-sport scholar-athletes, but adds that it's not perfect. "Getting good-looking women must be like getting big interior linemen," he says. "They take heavy recruiting."

"And then the school abuses them," puts in Nambie. "The women, anyway. It's called Freshmen 10—they all gain 10 pounds on the organic food service."

The talk floats on, of classes of obstreperous professors, of frigid road trips to Spokane and Fairbanks, of how Jones has been able to do all he has done.

"He never had a car in high school," says Erdman. "So he never had to have a job to support a car, and he never had a steady girl friend. Do you know what I'm saying?"

"That there were only sports for him, so naturally he tried them all."

"Right. He was a kid. Kids don't want to specialize. When you're a kid everybody wants to do everything. Now, even the pro scouts want you to specialize. They want to see what you can do if you really concentrate." This is said with a pointed look at Jones.

"That's the breaks," says Jones. "Sure. I think about it. But when I do, I

can't figure out what one I'd like to try."

"Still a kid," says Erdman, content.

Fred Wilson, mustachioed, blunt, humorous, country-articulate, has been the athletic director at Lewis and Clark for 24 years. Originally from Warrenton, Ore., at the mouth of the Columbia, where he graduated in the top six of his high school class—that being all there were in it—he is specific about the mission of his department. "The college funds this program because, like the others, it's part of the educational process," he says. Coaches at the school are faculty members. Coaches' salaries and capital expenditures aside, men's athletics—10 sports—are run on a modest budget of \$83,000. "It's important to us that we avoid being in a position where we have to win for the money," says Wilson.

He's firm on that because he's convinced that there is a clearly recognizable point beyond which college sports departs from sound educational principles, a point when a program no longer serves its athletes, but the converse "You lose control when you're told, or when you

volunteer, to go raise your own money," he says. "The major-college A.D.s are being run by supporters, by alumni and donors. When that happens, what's best educationally goes out the window. You see the recruiting and academic credit scandals; you see dropping sports so there is more money to go, ironically, to the money-making sports. Here, if we can't justify it educationally, we don't have it. Now that sounds altruistic, but it's practical as well."

Practical, Wilson contends, because in a period of economic retrenchment even the most opulent athletic programs are in jeopardy. "USC has problems despite its television revenues," he says. "The Ivy League does, too, even with its rich alumni. So does Michigan, with a great salesman like Don Canham as athletic director. And the insidious thing is that the mistakes of the big schools are being repeated by the small. Our Northwest Conference schools, Willamette, Linfield, Pacific, Whitman, Whitworth, Pacific Lutheran and Lewis and Clark, are all private liberal-arts colleges with essentially the same athletic budgets, standards and

rules, one being that you have to participate in nine sports to be a member of the conference."

Wilson slams in a desk drawer. "That should be our pride and joy. That should be sacred to us. Throughout our history, NWC schools seldom had national goals. The idea was to win the conference. The occasional time you went to a national playoff, that was gravy. But with the NAIA and AIAW getting some TV money, the national allure is so great that members of the conference are now developing programs aimed at national playoffs. Already some are saying, 'We've got to be more flexible, got to be allowed to go in fewer sports,' so they can build up one or two to national level. I can see it coming. We're going to lose them from the conference, or we're going to surrender

continued



Jones won a triple crown as the NAIA's top scholar/basketball player/citizen.

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the principles that have made us valuable. There won't be any more Dan Joneses when that happens. If you have to win to survive, coaches require athletes to go year round in one sport. There's no question in my mind that the disappearance of the three-sport athlete is a wholesale indictment of the educational ethics of American colleges."

Wilson explains that Lewis and Clark gives no athletic scholarships, yet every student, athlete or otherwise, accepted into the college can be promised enough financial aid, on a basis of need, to finish school. Tuition, fees and room and board now total \$6,939. "Jones got no aid at all his first two years, and minimal aid this year only because he now has two brothers in college," says Wilson. "And he got \$300 from the NALA in the form of the Emil S. Liston Award for being the best junior scholar/basketball player/citizen in the country. But the point of not having athletic scholarships, aside from ensuring that no coach feels he has bought a kid's exclusive services, is that not only does a student-athlete have to want to come here, but his parents have to want it, too."

In listing the elements that have contributed to his success, Jones gives effusive credit to his family. This evening he takes a friend to his folks' home in southeast Portland for dinner. The house contains a dark brown dachshund, a strawberry-blond cat and a grand piano, the last for the use of Jones' remarkably youthful-appearing mother, Dorothy. Hobart (always called Hobe) and Dorothy Jones' youngest daughter Kristie, is a junior and 400-meter runner at Marshall High. Bart, a year older than Dan, is at Oregon State. Hobe is a chemicals salesman for the Wilbur-Ellis Company and was the 1951 Big 7 indoor 880 champion at Nebraska. Now, dressed in a red flannel shirt, he expresses curiosity about what might be in a letter the Seattle Mariners have sent Dan. "There have been some pro scouts by to weigh and measure and try to determine whether he has much of an IQ," Hobe says. "Might this be some small return on our investment?"

The envelope contains a flyer advertising season tickets. "Patience," says Dan, almost relieved, "is a virtue."

Dan's parents recall their dutiful travel to away games and scenes such as Dan

getting hit so hard after a key catch against Southern Oregon that, when he regained his wits on the bench, he had to be told the tackler had been removed on a stretcher. "You broke his arm on your ribs," a teammate said.

For years, dating back to when Dan was in grade school, the elder Jones ran what amounted to a taxi and catering service for him. "On Tuesdays and Fridays during his junior year at Marshall he had basketball games," says Hobe. "On Wednesdays and Thursdays he had basketball practice after school, and then he'd eat a sandwich in the car on the way to hockey practice. Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays he had hockey games."

Hobe is sensitive to the question of exactly where a parent's duty lies with such a demented son. "We watched for his coming apart or his grades starting to drop, but he seemed to just feed on all that activity. He never seemed to get tired. It was always us who got tired."

Dan Jones sits near the window in his Behavior and Organizations class. His toughest professor, Michael F. Flanagan, in a Pendleton shirt and wire-rimmed glasses, is making assertions about the future of the workplace in developed countries. "In no job do you determine your own fate," he says. "We work in groups. Because of advancing technology the emphasis on specialists will inevitably grow." At this, the generalist in the audience grins.

It is a two-hour class, with a break in the middle, for which Jones is grateful. Out in a breezeway he says, "One of the problems of my approach is I don't seem able to concentrate on one thing for a long time. I'm always switching."

"Is it the sports that have made you that way, or your nature?" he's asked.

"More me, I'm sure."

Later, Flanagan is asked to address the issue of specialization in higher education. "I'm a big believer in excellence," he says. "Excellence requires specialization. But I can find no fault with Dan Jones' classroom performance. I've never thought of him as an athlete, so it's never crossed my mind that he might be compromising his academics for one sport, let alone three."

Told of Flanagan's words, Jones' eyes

widen. "Never thought of me as an athlete," he says. "Wow. I don't think he could pay me a higher compliment."

Dean Sempert, age 55, is Lewis and Clark's basketball coach and an associate professor of health and physical education. His office bookshelf, besides supporting a metric ton or two of basketball and kinesiology texts, contains *The New Oxford Book of English Verse* and H.G. Wells' *The Outline of History*. Sempert is a large, bearish man, and high among his instincts is protectiveness. Asked if he has ever had to discipline Jones, he says, "This is off the record. In a February game, he was coming back from an ankle injury, and he was getting tired. He wants to stay in all the time. I pulled him and he made a remark to a teammate. I chewed him out. Later he came to me and said, 'I was wrong. I'm sorry.' That's the worst thing that has ever happened between us."

"Why wouldn't you want that published?" asks his interviewer. "It seems complimentary to both of you."

Sempert thinks about it. "O.K.," he says. "Check with him. It's just that I have such ideal people to coach." His face seems to soften. "My colleagues at other places seem to have so many problems handling athletes. Maybe it's a sign of the times. But not here."

"Any idea why?"

"I can quote a column I read on the basketball gambling scandal at Boston College: 'If athletes are brought into school, they can continue to be bought.'"

Sempert is asked whether he ever experiences any little pangs of hope that Jones might specialize in basketball.

"No," he says quickly. "I'm just glad to have as much of him as I do. I know the problems most coaches have in sharing a talent like that, even in high schools. But doesn't it go back to consistency? If we're hoping to teach students to be unselfish, to understand what's best for individuals, are we not obliged at least to try to be that way as well?"

Terry Baker, now 40, is a successful attorney in Portland. He went to law school nights while playing for the Rams in the mid-'60s. He has never met Jones, but has an almost preternaturally accurate sense of Jones' feelings. "He must be that is because he enjoys it," Baker said

continued

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recently, and that got him remembering.

"Tommy Prothro was my football coach at Oregon State. I'd go into his office and say, 'Uh, I've got this class in the afternoon. . . .' And he'd say, 'Fine! When can you be out?' and he'd reorganize the whole practice."

Oregon State played in the Liberty Bowl Baker's senior season. The field in Philadelphia was frozen. Baker, wearing basketball sneakers, went 99 yards from scrimmage for the only touchdown in the Beavers' 6-0 win. Later, bruised from being repeatedly brought down on the hard surface, he flew to Corvallis, went through one practice with the basketball team, flew with it to the University of Kentucky Invitational Tournament and was an all-tournament selection. "That was possible simply because toward the end of football, Prothro would let me miss a couple of practices a week to go practice basketball. Find a school where you can do that today."

Baker refutes the charge that a three-sport man is necessarily a jack of all trades, master of none. "Basketball helps football," he says. "In the open field, one-on-one, I'd just revert to basketball moves. The synergism makes you better at any of them, because you're basically playing athletics. They all support one another. It may be that people asking you to specialize are saying something like, 'You'll be a better thinker in sociology if you don't take any math courses.'"

What today's three- and four-sport athletes are hearing from college recruiters doesn't portend a return to the days Baker recalls. With a few exceptions, an SI survey of multisport high school athletes shows they have a clear understanding that specialization will be required in college.

Brian Howard, a senior at Rockville High in Rockville, Md., is a quarterback led his school to a 9-1 record and as a guard to the state basketball finals twice; as a shortstop-pitcher in baseball he was hitting .455 at week's end without a single strikeout. In fact, he hasn't struck out since his sophomore year, and he has been an All-Metropolitan Washington selection in three sports. According to his baseball and football coach, Tom Manuel, "The larger colleges ruled out

more than the one sport for which the scholarship was offered. Some smaller schools okayed basketball and baseball, but none would approve three sports."

One detects a certain arrogance in some colleges' views on participating in more than one sport. Kent Austin of Brentwood, Tenn., a quarterback, point guard and pitcher-infielder, is going to Ole Miss to play football. "They tell me if I can make a real contribution in baseball I'll be allowed to miss spring football training," he says. "You can't get off from spring football just to be a member of the team."

Some exceptional athletes have chosen colleges because the schools will allow at least two sports. Sean Salisbury of Orange Glen High School in Escondido, Calif., a 6'5" quarterback and forward and pitcher-outfielder, wants to play football and basketball at USC. "I'd like to do well. But I won't lose myself in football. I love basketball, too," he says. "USC understood that. A lot of schools didn't."

Firmness like that is rare. More pervasive among multisport men is the feeling that specialization is the way, and they are bound to follow.

Jones says that had he been exposed to the same imperatives he might well have given in, too. "I do wonder what would've happened if I'd gone to an NCAA school," he says. "Would I have been a failure? A star? Or a good contributor? I know it would've been in one sport only, with that urgency for specialization they have. I don't know how well I would've accepted that world, the downplaying of scholarship, the stockpiling of athletes. I guess it's fine if it meets the needs of everyone involved."

One wonders if it does: whether there might not be quite a few athletes with goals similar to Jones'. "I'd want to advance my education and be absorbed in my sport," he says, "and it's a lot more absorbing to do three than one. My approach might be comparable to what a decathlete does in compromising his 1,500-meter running to being a better shot-putter and getting a higher total score. You have to look at the whole of one's intent."

Jones' remarks call for reflection, and Lewis and Clark has the campus for that. The college, established in 1867, has occupied an estate on Portland's Palatine

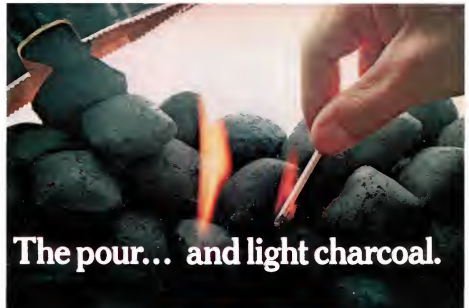
Hill since 1942, when it bought the mansion of M. Lloyd Frank, a department-store magnate who had built it in 1924 for \$1,300,000. Ten years later he ran off with a salesgirl, a competitor's salesgirl at that, and his wife and family permitted the mansion to decline. In 1942 they let it go to the college trustees for \$46,000. "Weasels, foxes, deer and skunks were common," reports a school history. "The great plicated woodpecker nested on campus in 1943."

Lewis and Clark seems a fitting sanctuary on many levels. The tradition-rich house and grounds, now restored, the calm, determinedly forested campus, the proportion-fixing constancy of Mt. Hood, the moral ferocity of granite Fred Wilson and Dean Sempert, the architecture that is no more intimidating or inhumane than a cleaning in the woods: all combine to form a reassuring sense of continuing values, the essence of liberal education.

Such is one's feeling while walking on any of hundreds of American college campuses. And yet they have changed. Wilson is right; our schools have begun to compete too fanatically. The apt metaphor is biological. Whether sheep or sharks, all species remain at their peak only so long as their success is kept within limits. If they compete too poorly, they're dead. But if they compete too well, they're dead, too.

Yet, unlike lemmings, we are said to be able, through the social contract, to confront our excesses, perceive their ultimate dangers and halt them before they wreck us. This has yet to be demonstrated in areas such as disarmament. Indeed, the nation's college presidents and athletic directors have shown themselves incapable of coming together and agreeing on reasonable limits to the costs of their sporting arsenals. Thus, the slitten thread that binds their scholar-athletes often appears suspiciously explosive.

Jones is important for the wonderful life he has yet to lead, and for his demonstration of how profoundly sport in perspective can contribute to the forming of a good man. Yet one is ultimately saddened by exposure to his excellence and balance and to that of the teachers around him. Saddened not for him or for them, but for the thousands of scholar-athletes who can no longer find surroundings that will ever let them follow his jubilant path.

A close-up photograph of a hand holding a lit matchstick, igniting a pile of dark charcoal briquettes. A small fire is visible on one of the briquettes. In the upper left corner, a portion of a metal grill grate is visible.

The pour... and light charcoal.



No lighter fluid needed.

Reminiscence

by GILES TIPPETTE

WASN'T A REAL BIG LIE. 'CAUSE HE WAS WITHIN ARM'S LENGTH OF THE CARDS

The other night, talking to my wife, Betty Anne, I made passing reference to the time I was offered a contract by the St. Louis Cardinals to sign with their Columbus, Ga. farm team. I reckon I've told that story 300 or 400 times, and 10 seconds after I made the remark, I realized what a lie it was.

The only thing is, I'm not sure how big a lie it was on account of Duane Dean's daddy's 1948 Mercury. Now that may seem a little obscure, but it has to do with why I've felt entitled to tell that lie all these years.

Back in the early '50s I was a senior in high school in Bay City, Texas and the starting third baseman and leadoff hitter for the baseball team. I was told, on a number of occasions, that I was the slickest-fielding infielder that the school had ever had and, on general principles, I agreed with that assessment. The fact that Coach Don Haley seemed to disagree in no way made me believe less of myself. He once told me, "Son, I think I'll just

stick up a post down there by third base. That way the ball has a chance of hitting it and might stop. At least the post won't jump out of the way."

But to get back to the Cardinals and the contract and Duane Dean's daddy's 1948 Mercury. We were headed for a baseball tournament in Cuero, Texas and we had word that an actual scout for the Cardinals was going to be there. Well, I don't know where you grew up, or where you played your ball if you did. I bet you his .190 and couldn't have gotten around second base if you were riding a Cushman motor scooter, but in my part of Texas the thought that there was going to be a Cardinal scout at a tournament you were playing in was enough to

cause you to give up girls and Hershey bars for a solid week.

There was also word around that the scout was going to be looking especially hard at the Bay City team, which automatically convinced me he was really interested in its premier third baseman. Coach Haley's opinion notwithstanding, besides being a good fielder, I was a good hitter. By that point in the season I was hitting pretty close to .400 and I could run. I had gone to the state meet in the high hurdles and had run at least one wind-aided 100-yard dash just a tad under 10 flat. And I could slide.

Even Coach Haley agreed with me on that. We were playing the Wharton High School team and he was talking to their coach while I was standing nearby. He

record. He even went on to say that he figured if I got hit in the head by enough pitched balls I'd make an excellent politician. Which was a lie. I've never been elected to a single office in my life.

But that was Coach Haley for you. And when I tell you what he did to me when we were going to that tournament in Cuero, you'll understand how he could have made those other unkind remarks about me.

The team traveled on a bus, but Coach Haley always drove his car and he usually picked out two or three of the players to go with him. For some reason he very often picked me to go in his car.

The trip to Cuero was no exception. It wasn't so bad for most of the way. Our really good catcher, Duane Dean,

was in the front seat, and me and the shortstop, Buddy Barrett, were in back. About 10 miles from Cuero, Coach Haley looked in the rearview mirror and said, "Son, I think I'm going to play you in rightfield."

I didn't say a word because I figured he was talking to Barrett. But then Barrett didn't say anything, so I said, "Sir?"

And he said, "Yeah, and I'm going to hit you eighth in the lineup."

The man was actually talking to me. And he was talking about putting the slickest-fielding infielder in Bay City High School history in rightfield.

He was actually talking about putting the fastest man on the team in the lowest spot in the lineup—with a St. Louis Cardinal scout in the stands.

Good God, if we hadn't been going 60 miles an hour I'd of bailed out right there and hatched home.

Well, he carried me along with that story right up until he made out the lineup card, which was where I saw I'd been restored to my rightful position. I challenged him right then. I said, "Why'd you tell me you wasn't going to start me at third base?"

He said, "I wasn't. But the post didn't show up and I didn't have nobody else."

Well, it don't matter how I did during the tournament. You wouldn't believe



said, "Yeah, I only got one guy who can slide"—and he jerked his thumb at me—"but he can't get on base."

Which wasn't true. Coach Haley was always riding me, trying to unnerve me and shake my confidence. It never worked, though, because I knew the coach knew that I had the talent to make it big. The constant teasing and derision was just to keep me from getting a swelled head and to keep me on my toes. So I couldn't agree with something he subsequently said. I got on base a lot by getting hit with pitched balls, and Coach Haley made the remark that, while my ability to get hit in the head by a pitched ball and take my base helped the team, it certainly did nothing for my scholastic

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me anyway if I told you how good I played. But after the last game we were in the dressing room, and Coach Haley come up and said, "I don't know why anybody would want to see you two mud-heads, but there's a man in my office wants to talk to you."

He was speaking to me and Duane Dean, who'd also had a pretty good tournament.

Well, we went to the office in the high school gymnasium and there was a guy wearing a white shirt, with a cigar stuck between his teeth. He said, "Hello, boys, I'm a scout for the St. Louis Cardinal organization and we'd like to invite you to Houston for a tryout."

Well, good grief, I know how blasé athletes are today, but that was back when every high school ballplayer could tell you Ted Williams' and Stan Musial's and even Junior Gilliam's batting average. I mean, the man had just said a tryout, a real tryout, with the St. Louis Cardinal organization.

We drove back to Bay City in a slight state of euphoria. Or at least me and Duane Dean did. Barrett wasn't saying anything because he hadn't been offered a tryout with the Cardinals, and Coach Haley just kept shaking his head and making remarks about what the state of professional baseball had finally come to.

That tryout camp was about a month off, and I reckon that was the longest month I've ever spent in my life. I fielded ground balls and line drives and pop-ups during, before and after practice. I practiced as long as the light held out and as long as I could find somebody to hit to me.

Man, I was ready. I even went to bed every night with a ball tied up in my glove to try to improve the pocket.

Well, the day finally came, and me and Duane loaded up his daddy's 1948 Mercury and set off for Houston. We were going to stay with my Aunt Sylvia during the three days of the tryout (they hadn't offered us any expense money).

which was to be at old Buff stadium, the home of the world-famous Houston Buffaloes, winners of the 1947 Dixie Series.

I want to state here and now that I'm not going to tell you much about that tryout. The reason I'm not is that some of the details are still a little too painful. There must've been about 100 guys who showed up the first day. The coaches in charge put us through timed sprints and infield drills and controlled batting practice and all that sort of stuff.

There I was standing on the same infield where Tommy Glaviano and Billy Costa and Solly Hemus had played, and in the outfield had been Eddie Knoblauch and Hal Epps. It hadn't been much more than five years since I'd sat up in those very stands, eating hot dogs and hamburgers and watching those same ballplayers on the very field I was standing on. I mean, my spikes were sunk in the very same dirt theirs had been.

Well, I survived that first day. The way they did it was to post a list of the play-



ers they wanted back the next day and, when the list was posted, my name was still among those 30-odd players they were inviting back.

Heck, I was on Easy Street that night in my Aunt Sylvia's house. I could already see myself wearing that Cardinal uniform and maybe giving fielding tips to Marty Marion. The only thing in my way was a little bit of time.

Now, at this point, I got to tell you about one slight defect I had as a player: I didn't really have the great arm. Coach Haley and I were in agreement on that point.

In fact, he was once so unkind as to ask me why I didn't go ahead and donate it to the Salvation Army. I asked him what he meant, and he said, "Ain't you ever seen those donation boxes? That's where you're supposed to put your old rags."

But he said something worse to me. One time we were taking infield practice and I'd just made a throw to first base

when he come walking onto the field shaking his head and saying, "No, no, no." He come up to me and took me by the shoulder and said, "Son, don't throw the ball to first base. Carry it over there. That way it'll get there sooner and we can be sure it will arrive. It will also be a lot less dangerous for the people in the stands behind first base."

Which was a damn lie, because I'd never hit anybody in those stands yet.

But this time I was determined. I wasn't just snapping my wrist on those infield throws, I was snapping my ankles. I'd figured I didn't have a thing to lose; that this time it was do or die and I wasn't saving anything back. I wasn't just putting myself behind those throws, I was putting my parents and my grandparents and their parents before them.

I remember that, at the end of the workout on the second day, they were having us bring it home. Duane Dean was the catcher because by then he'd established himself as the premier athlete

on the field, which he was. Well, I was socking that ball in there. I made four throws in a row at ankle height without Duane having to move his glove an inch. But I damn near threw my back out in the process.

Anyway, I thought I was a made man. At that point I was figuring on a year in the minors at the very most.

Then I read the board. And my name wasn't on it. I wasn't being invited back another day. I was through.

Duane Dean couldn't believe it. I told him I'd go ahead and take the bus back to Bay City. I didn't want to stick around and be humiliated any worse. He insisted, however, on the two of us talking to one of the coaches who was running the camp. Well, I was kind of embarrassed, but we went on over and talked to this coach who was leaning up against the wall in front of the box seats. Old Duane wanted to know why I'd been cut. He claimed I'd fielded and hit and run about as well as anyone. But the continued

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coach said they were worried about my arm, that I didn't really have the great arm. Well, Duane protested that, pointing out those great throws I'd made to home plate. The coach kind of glanced at me and then he put his arm around Duane's shoulders and they walked away a few feet. I reckoned they was trying to get to where I couldn't hear them, but that wasn't the way it worked out. The coach said, "Son, the reason we cut him is that we don't need no one-armed infielders in the St. Louis Cardinal chain."

And Duane said, "What are you talking about?"

The coach said, "What I mean is, if he keeps throwing like he throws now, it ain't going to be too long until he's got just that one arm."

Which wound up my tryout with the Cardinals.

But I've got a point to make: As we get older we tend to remember how much faster we ran the 100-yard dash and how many more touchdowns we scored in the big game or how many hits we got in a season.

So old age is creeping up on all of us. And none of us can run a 9.6 hundred anymore, or catch three touchdown passes from W. C. Gosling anymore. Or remember all the fights we thought we'd won in all those tin-roofed dance halls we were in when we were rodeoing.

Or all those contracts we signed with the St. Louis Cardinals.

But I want to ask for a fair assessment of the lie I've been telling for 28 years. It is a fact that Duane Dean and I were invited to the Cardinal tryout camp. And it's a fact that, out of the 100 players invited, Duane Dean did get offered a contract by the Cardinals, even though he threw it over for a college scholarship.

I didn't get offered a contract. I got cut on the second day.

But I did ride down to that tryout camp in Duane Dean's daddy's 1948 Mercury. And we did stay at my Aunt Sylvia's house during those tryouts.

And, not only that, I rode back to Bay City, Texas in the same 1948 Mercury that I'd come up there in, and the guy who was driving it had a signed offer in his pocket from the St. Louis Cardinals.

If that, right there, don't entitle you to go around lying the rest of your life that you were offered a contract by the St. Louis Cardinals, then there is something wrong with this democracy!

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

A No. 1

Sir:

It's wonderful to see the Oakland A's on your cover again (April 27). After some lean years, they're back on top, and it looks as though they'll stay there for a while. Congratulations to Billy Martin and Pitching Coach Art Fowler on a great job, but let's not forget the man who put this team together: Charlie Finley. He brought Rick Langford, Minchell Page and Tony Armas to the A's in a shrewd trade with Pittsburgh, and it was his system that produced Mike Norris, Ricky Henderson and Matt Keough. Sure, Charlie had his faults, but now that he's gone, let's give him credit for assembling one of the game's finest teams.

DANIEL S. WARD
West Lafayette, Ind.

Sir:

As an Oakland fan, I've watched Charlie Finley get rid of just about every player who was on the team that won the World Series in 1972, '73 and '74. I had almost given up hope when Charlie finally did something good by hiring Billy Martin and selling the club to a group of people who care more about Oakland baseball than about money. In one year Martin has turned a basement team into a contender for the American League pennant. He has also raised spirits on the team. I tip my hat to Martin, his five aces and the rest of the Oakland A's.

STEVE HALKE
Burlington, Vt.

Sir:

I sorely missed the wonderful mug of Billy Martin on your cover. Billy is the wild card that gives the A's the winning hand.

JOSEPH F.J. CURR, M.D.
Torrington, Conn.

Sir:

Your cover brings back memories of the early 1970s, when the A's were the best team in baseball. In fact, in your latest picture, Matt Keough shows a striking resemblance to the great A's pitcher of that time, Jim (Catfish) Hunter.

BILL MUCHNICK
Clayton, Mo.

Sir:

I noticed that all five Oakland starting pitchers sport mustaches. Maybe this is the key to an A No. 1 season.

JEFF TAUBER
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sir:

Mike Norris may or may not be the best pitcher in baseball, but he certainly is the biggest crybaby. I'm tired of hearing him whine

about not winning the Cy Young Award last year. No matter how you slice it, the fact is that Norris had fewer wins and more losses than Steve Stone.

HOWARD B. CAPLAN
Baltimore

Sir:

Your article on the A's was fine, but the caption for the picture of the bullpen is wrong. The person you have identified as Catcher Tim Lincecum isn't Hosley but Kelvin Daxon, a ball boy.

MEREDITH LONGSHORE
Concord, Calif.

Sir:

You have once again lapsed into that unfortunate modern-day practice of zealously exalting winners. At the same time the Oakland A's were roaring off into the blue skies of victory, the consistently bedraggled but universally beloved Chicago Cubs were inching through the muck of defeat on their way to one of the worst starts in modern major league history. Their story is as worthy of coverage as is that of the A's.

WILLIAM E. CARLEY
Chicago

NO PERIODS

Sir:

The baseball season has just begun, the Stanley Cup playoffs are in full swing and your April 27 issue contains a cover story on the Oakland A's and totally ignores hockey, and, yes, I know this letter contains no periods, but your magazine didn't either, just a lot of innuendos.

CHRIS ZUBRING
Lebanon, Pa.

CHIVVISSE

Sir:

As I read Frank Deford's article on Chris Evert Lloyd (*Love and Love*, April 24), I kept thinking how blessed we all are to be able to read this gifted author. I'll never forget his piece on Bjorn Borg last summer (*A Match Goes Down in History*, July 14) after Borg's record fifth Wimbledon triumph. The article on Evert Lloyd is in the same fine tradition. Deford enables us to see that behind Chris' phlegmatic facade beats the heart of a warm and giving woman. Thanks for this revealing and incisive portrait of a gracious lady and true champion.

THOMAS G. MACLENNAN
Charleston, S.C.

Sir:

There was something very American in Frank Deford's article. Winning and style are inseparable to our heroes and heroines. So it's doubly gratifying to see Chris Evert Lloyd

emerge as a strong and human sportswoman.

As with Jack Nicklaus rising from Arnold Palmer's shadow, Evert Lloyd's early victories were tainted as much by the fact that she was replacing Billie Jean King as by her lack of emotion and style. To see her revealed as thoughtful, vulnerable and even stylish raises her to that champion's level where comparisons are pointless. And it makes cheering for her as easy as, well, saluting the flag.

WILLIAM E. GREFFIN
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Thank heavens for John Lloyd, who was secure enough as a person to permit Chris Evert to emerge from her chrysalis and become a butterfly.

To tell you the truth, I always thought she was pretty spectacular—I respected her ability to "impose her own distinctive stardom"—but I admire the new, less rigid version even more and will continue to watch with fascination as she moves on. I hope she knows that there are some of us who will love her whether or not she ever rushes a single net.

THE REV. ROBERT E. SIMPSON
St. Louis

Sir:

Is it too early to vote for Sports Woman of the Century?

JOHN KELLY
Woodland Hills, Calif.

WONDER DRUG

Sir:

My first reaction to J.D. Reed's article on the drug DMSO (*A Miracle! Or Is It a Mirage?*, April 20) was "Oh, no! Not again!" I'm a veterinarian, who, like many others, will now be deluged with requests for DMSO for the next few weeks.

For your information, a veterinarian who knowingly supplies DMSO for human use violates laws regarding the drug itself, and he also violates veterinary practice laws forbidding the prescribing of drugs for humans. We're happy with dogs and horses and other furry things. Don't help send any more pimpy miracle-seekers to our doors!

CRAIG L. WARDROP, D.V.M.
Worth, Ill.

Sir:

Your article on DMSO is informative and true. As a former college athlete and heavy user of DMSO, I can attest to the positive effects of this drug on everything from muscle strains to broken bones. Those who question the effectiveness of DMSO should read your article and talk with someone who uses it.

TIM PRIGOTT
Pullman, Wash.

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

Sir:

I think most athletes should have the common sense not to use an unproven drug such as DMSO. When it goes through your system so quickly that you can taste it moments after you apply it to your skin, you have to wonder about it. I don't think it should be legalized for sale to athletes until a lot more research is done.

ERIC BERG
Butte, Mont.

MUSKY ROWERS

Sir:

Your article on the year's first major rowing regatta, the San Diego Crew Classic (*The Biggest Were the Best*, April 13), captured my attention. Don Levin's descriptions of the winning University of Washington rowers and their inspiring coach, Dick Erickson, were immensely enjoyable. Year in and year out, Erickson's enthusiasm, dedication and sincerity bring out the best in his athletes.

ROBERT A. DICKINSON
Seattle

Sir:

Washington's women's crew was No. 1 in San Diego, too. Why was there no mention of their win?

DR. AND MRS. W.H. ACHTERMAN
Salt Lake City

SHEEP DOGS

Sir:

Three years ago my wife and I became the proud owners (parents?) of two border collie pups, Bonny and her brother, King Pellatore. They were a gift from my grumpy and grandpa, so the only expense involved was in transporting them from my grandparents' farm in southern Arkansas to our home here in Oklahoma. While this doesn't qualify me as an expert on the breed, I can say that Roy Bongartz (*On the Scene*, April 27) was 100% accurate in noting the endurance of border collies. Bonny and Pella could easily get in a 20-mile jaunt while I trudged through my normal four-mile run. Furthermore, although they were never trained to do so, they could round up a small herd of humans by dropping to their stomachs, fixing them with their "mesmerizing eye" and then circling them and nipping at their heels. Unfortunately, Pella had to be sent back to the Arkansas farm for this antisocial behavior.

However, I take exception to Scottish writer R.B. Robertson's statement that, on a human scale, border collies would rank as imbeciles. When Bonny read this she became so incensed that she demanded I cancel my subscription. I was able to mollify her only by promising to write this letter and set the record straight.

SAM T. ALLEN IV
Sapulpa, Okla.

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